INSIDE — BATMAN PLUS DAREDEVIL!

A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

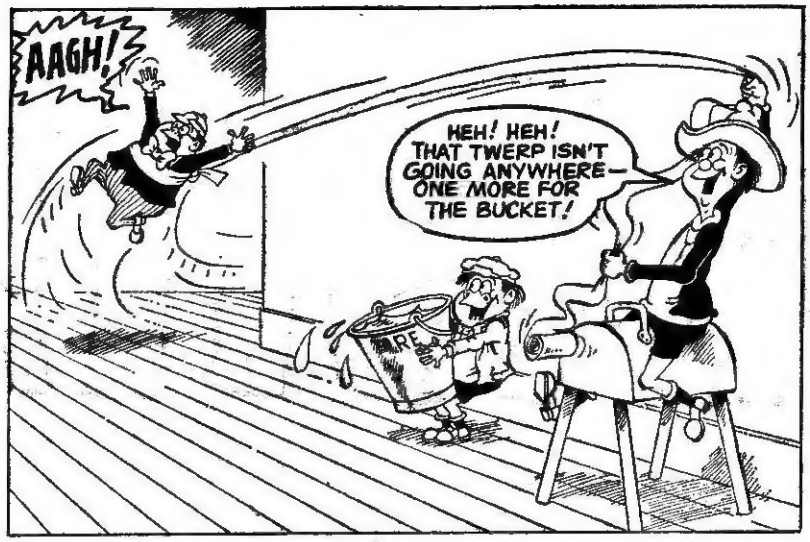
No. 114
6th APR. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS & THE BLOTS!

Ltd., England, 1968

I'LL GET THEM BACK, SIR!

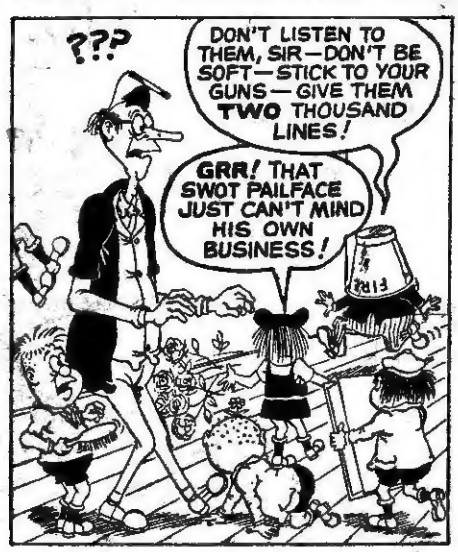

AAGH!
HEH! HEH! THAT TWERP ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE— ONE MORE FOR THE BUCKET!

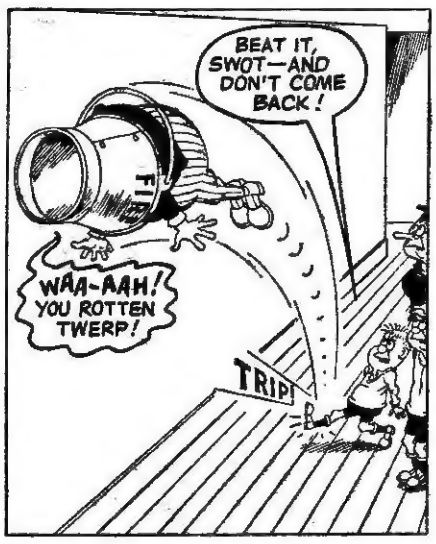
FIRST-AID ROOM
I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY FRIENDS, SIR!

ZOO-OOOM
WAA-AAH!

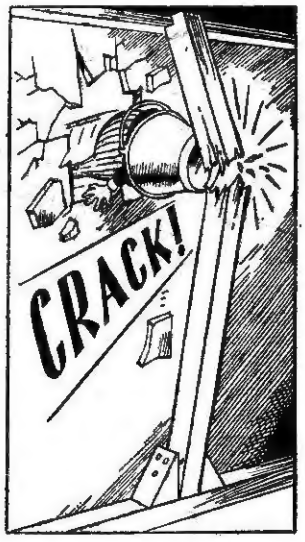
SOON...
GRR! THOSE BLOTS HAVE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME—I'LL GIVE THEM ALL A THOUSAND LINES APIECE!
DRIP!
DRIP!

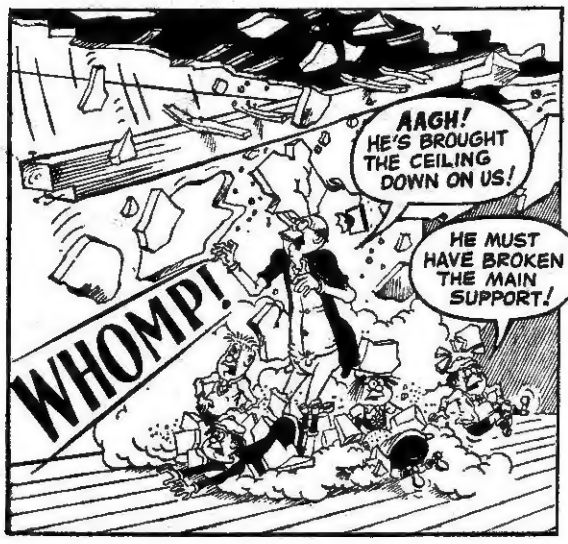
NICE, KIND SIR! WE WOULDN'T TAKE YOUR LINES FROM YOU!
YOU KEEP THEM— WE'RE NOT GREEDY!
DANDRUFF REMOVER
CHUMS

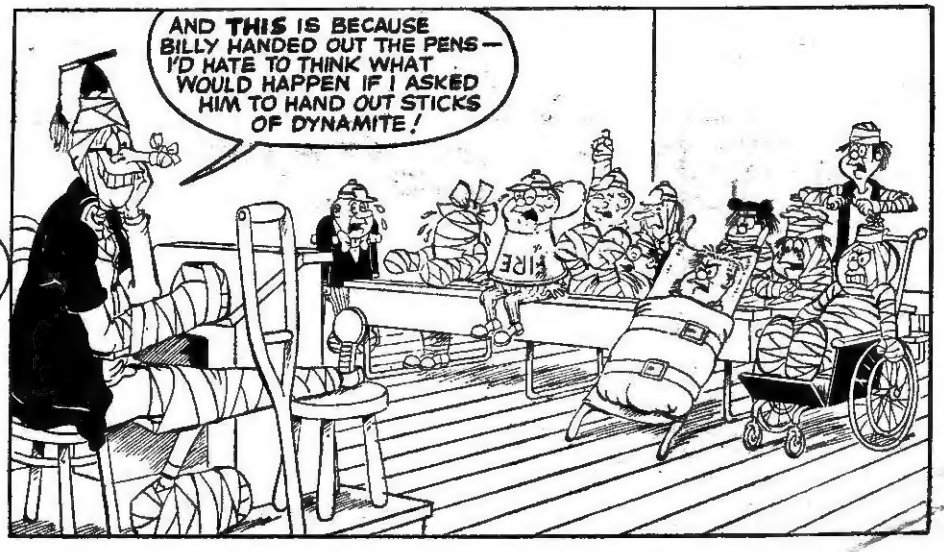

???
DON'T LISTEN TO THEM, SIR—DON'T BE SOFT—STICK TO YOUR GUNS—GIVE THEM TWO THOUSAND LINES!
GRR! THAT SWOT PAILFACE JUST CAN'T MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS!
FIRE


BEAT IT, SWOT—AND DON'T COME BACK!
WAA-AAH! YOU ROTTEN TWERP!
TRIP!

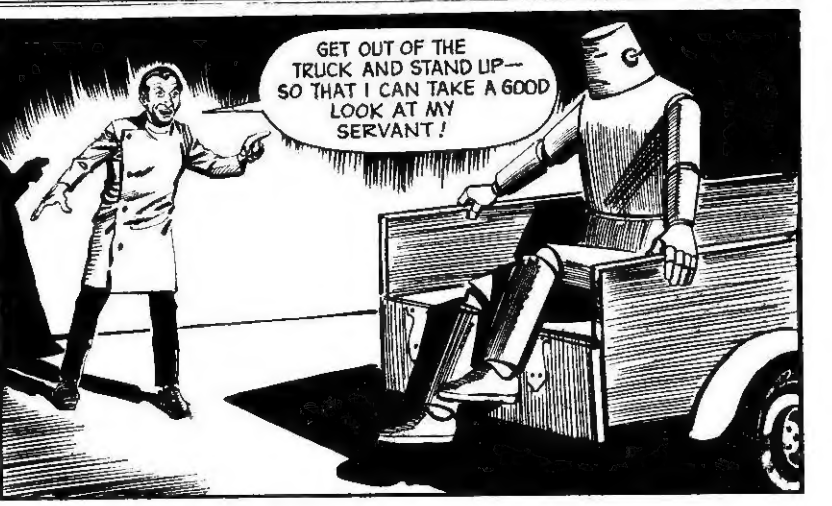
CRASH!

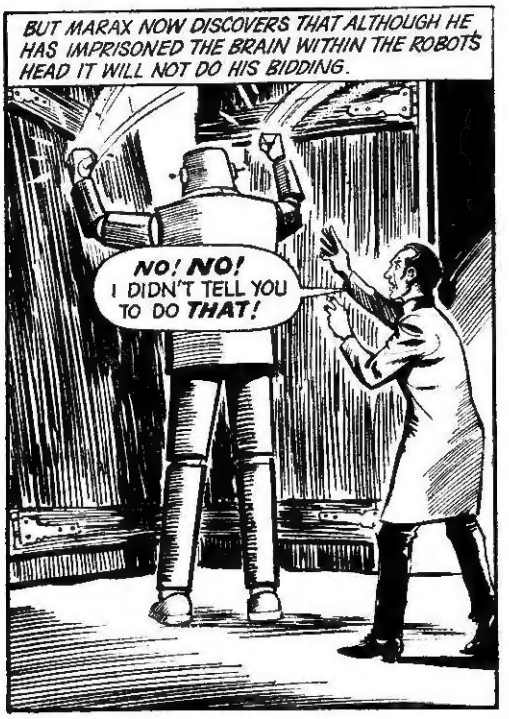

CRACK!

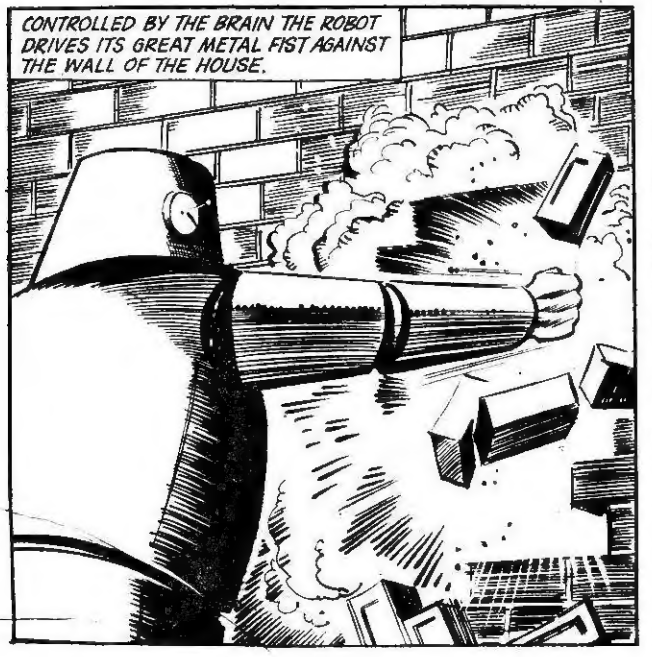

AAGH! HE'S BROUGHT THE CEILING DOWN ON US!
HE MUST HAVE BROKEN THE MAIN SUPPORT!
WHOMP!


AND THIS IS BECAUSE BILLY HANDED OUT THE PENS— I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I ASKED HIM TO HAND OUT STICKS OF DYNAMITE!
FIRE

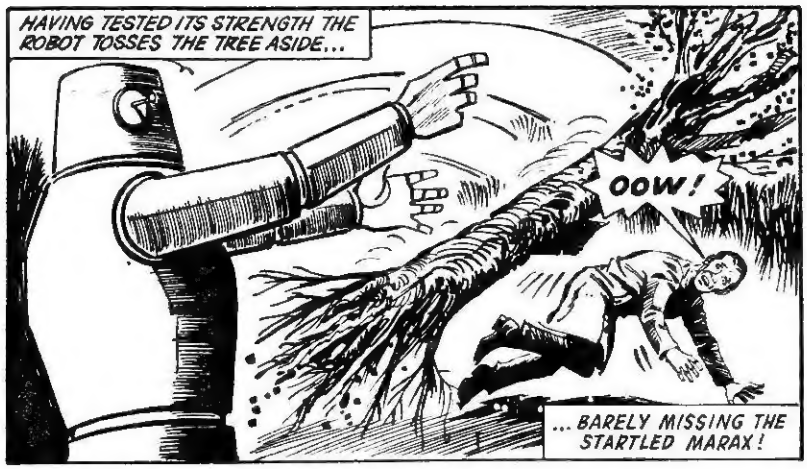
BRIAN'S BRAIN







THE TREE IS PLUCKED FROM THE EARTH.


HAVING TESTED ITS STRENGTH THE ROBOT TOSSES THE TREE ASIDE...
OOW!
... BARELY MISSING THE STARTLED MARAX!

THEN THE HUGE METAL MONSTER STRIDES PURPOSEFULLY AWAY.
AND NOW I MUST FIND BRIAN. IF HE IS NOT TOO FAR AWAY FROM HERE I MAY BE ABLE TO SENSE WHERE HE IS.
COME BACK! COME BACK I SAY!

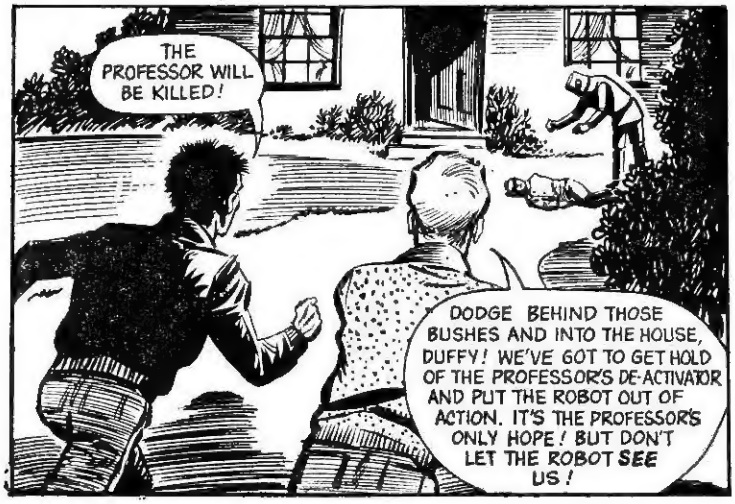
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WHICH WILL STOP THE ROBOT NOW—AND THAT'S THE DE-ACTIVATOR THAT PROFESSOR FUDWORTHY MADE!
I GOT THE ROBOT FROM FUDWORTHY WITHOUT HIM KNOWING. NOW I'VE GOT TO GET THE DE-ACTIVATOR.

VISITING PROFESSOR FUDWORTHY ARE BRIAN KINGSLEY AND HIS FRIEND DUFFY ROLLS. THE PROFESSOR HAS BEEN UNABLE TO HELP THEM IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE MISSING BRAIN, BUT HE SHOWS THEM SOME OF THE SECRETS OF HIS LABORATORY.
THIS IS A DE-ACTIVATOR FOR THE ROBOT I CREATED. DIRECTED AT THE ROBOT IT WILL RENDER IT IMMOBILE FOR A SHORT PERIOD.
AS YOU BOYS KNOW—THE ROBOT IS WANDERING LOOSE, OUT OF CONTROL. THERE IS NO KNOWING WHAT IT MIGHT DO.
IF WE LEARN ANY NEWS OF IT WE'LL LET YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR. AND NOW WE MUST CONTINUE LOOKING FOR THE BRAIN!

PROFESSOR FUDWORTHY WATCHES THE BOYS AS THEY WALK DOWN THE LONG PATH.
GOOD-BYE, PROFESSOR! THANK YOU FOR TRYING TO HELP.
I HOPE YOU FIND YOUR BRAIN. BUT IF YOU SEE MY ROBOT, TAKE CARE. HE'S DANGEROUS!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE PROFESSOR'S ROBOT WITH BRIAN'S BRAIN LOCKED INSIDE IT IS VERY CLOSE.
I CAN SENSE THAT BRIAN IS NEARBY!

ANXIOUS TO FIND BRIAN, THE BRAIN BURSTS THROUGH THE BUSHES. BY ACCIDENT THE ROBOT'S HUGE FRAME KNOCKS PROFESSOR FUDWORTHY TO THE GROUND. BUT TO THE BOYS IT SEEMS NO ACCIDENT.
IT'S THE ROBOT!
AND IT'S STRUCK DOWN THE PROFESSOR!


THE PROFESSOR WILL BE KILLED!
DODGE BEHIND THOSE BUSHES AND INTO THE HOUSE, DUFFY! WE'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF THE PROFESSOR'S DE-ACTIVATOR AND PUT THE ROBOT OUT OF ACTION. IT'S THE PROFESSOR'S ONLY HOPE! BUT DON'T LET THE ROBOT SEE US!

AH! THE ROBOT IS HERE! AND IT'S SEEN ME!
AS THE BOYS DISAPPEAR INTO THE HOUSE ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARS — THE FIGURE OF MARAX.

THINKING IT HAS BEEN PURSUED BY MARAX THE BRAIN HURRIES ACROSS TO HIM.
AND WHEN THE BOYS EMERGE FROM THE HOUSE WITH THE DE-ACTIVATOR THEY SEE THE ROBOT TOWERING OVER THE CRINGING MARAX.
IT'S THE PROFESSOR'S ASSISTANT, DR. MARAX.
AND THE ROBOT IS ATTACKING HIM! DO SOMETHING, BRIAN!
AS BRIAN OPERATES THE DE-ACTIVATOR THE BRAIN STRIVES DESPERATELY TO COMMUNICATE WITH HIM.
I HOPE THIS THING WORKS!
BRIAN! DON'T DO THAT! I AM THE BRAIN!
IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T REACH HIM MENTALLY THROUGH THE METAL OF THE ROBOT'S HEAD!
THE ROBOT SINKS TO THE GROUND.
YOU GOT HIM, BRIAN!
WELL DONE, MY BOY! THAT WAS A CLOSE THING!
CARRY THE PROFESSOR INTO THE HOUSE. I'LL KEEP GUARD ON THE ROBOT!
YES, SIR!
AS SOON AS THE BOYS DISAPPEAR INTO THE HOUSE WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS PROFESSOR, MARAX UNLOCKS THE ROBOT'S HEAD.
THE EFFECTS OF THE DE-ACTIVATOR WILL SOON WEAR OFF. AND SINCE THE BRAIN WILL NOT OBEY MY INSTRUCTIONS I DARE NOT LEAVE IT INSIDE THE ROBOT'S HEAD.
QUICKLY HE REMOVES THE BRAIN.
YOU THINK YOU HAVE FOILED ME, BRAIN, BUT YOU HAVEN'T! FOR SOON YOU WILL BE EAGER TO CARRY OUT ANY INSTRUCTION I GIVE YOU!
MARAX HURRIES INTO THE WOODS THAT BORDER THE HOUSE.
FOR THE TIME BEING YOU WILL BE SAFE HIDDEN UNDER THESE DEAD LEAVES.
WHEN THE BOYS COME OUT OF THE HOUSE, MARAX IS ONCE AGAIN WITH THE MOTIONLESS ROBOT.
PROFESSOR FUDWORTHY IS QUITE COMFORTABLE. HIS HOUSEKEEPER IS LOOKING AFTER HIM.
BUT WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU, DR. MARAX. WE THINK YOU BROKE INTO MY HOUSE.
I KNOW WHAT YOU THINK. AND I ALSO KNOW ABOUT THE WONDERFUL ARTIFICIAL BRAIN YOU POSSESS...
I WAS AT YOUR HOUSE — TRYING TO PREVENT THE ROBOT FROM STEALING THE BRAIN. ALTHOUGH I COULDN'T STOP THE ROBOT I DO KNOW WHERE IT HAS HIDDEN THE BRAIN.
THEN TAKE ME TO IT. PLEASE! AT ONCE! I MUST SEE THE BRAIN. I MUST KNOW IT ISN'T HARMED!
IT WON'T TAKE US LONG TO GET THERE, BOYS.
AND WHEN WE GET THERE YOU'LL BE MY PRISONERS. AND THEN IF THE BRAIN DOESN'T WANT ANYTHING UNPLEASANT TO HAPPEN TO YOU IT WILL HAVE TO DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!
NEXT ISH: THE ROBOT STRIKES!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

WE'RE NOT FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS! (Or anyway that's what we prefer to say!) but we were SURE some of you dedicated ones out there would have said something about the results of our recent resolve to slick-up, design-wise, the pages of POW/WHAM! In case you didn't notice, for Pete's sake, we've been including small pin-ups and other decorations, especially on the Spidey and Fantastic Four story sections. So . . . what do you think? Have we succeeded? Do you prefer the bigger, bolder layout of the new POW? Don't forget, it's YOU who are the true editors of Power. What the majority of you say . . . goes!! So the suspense is killing us! So say something, will you? Even if it is only . . .UUUUGGGGGG!!!

AND BECAUSE YOU ARE THE REAL EDITORS, and because so many of you decided they were tired of WONDERING what Asgard looked like to Asgardians, and that THOR-featuring FANTASTIC should darned well show you what Asgard looked like . . . WE'VE DONE JUST THAT! Shown you! With a two-page spread view of the immortal realm. Complete with word-and-pic portraits of the comic-book greats who play the main character parts in the inimitable THUNDER GOD THOR dramas.

If you're a THOR fan (and we know that goes without saying) then our BONUS FEATURE in FANTASTIC, this week, is an out-and-out collector's item! It's waiting for you . . . in the newsagents . . . right now!

AS REAL EDITORS your opinion of the folksy funnies and soul-stirring sagas we toss at you, counts more even than OURS! That's why when you write in to us (and, tigers, keep THAT up) it does help if you tell us YOUR FIRST AND SECOND FAVOURITE FEATURES. Apart from giving us ammo for our regular "told-you-so" sessions, there are some of us who have fun showing off by making up graph charts percentagizing ALL this info you dish out to us.

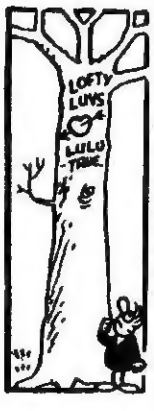
So don't ignore your responsibilities as EDITORS will you? Keep us happy . . . keeping YOU happy . . . by keeping those VOTES a' coming in!!

TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Ian Harrison, Fulham, London; Peter Kerridge, Cricklewood, London; Cormack Kirby, Petts Wood, Kent; Seamus Conway, Terenure, Dublin 6; Bobby Hogg, Dundee, Scotland; Paul Watson, Greenford, Middlesex; David Alderson, Shildon, Co. Durham; David Trask, West Cross, Swansea; Richard Banks, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol; William Dryden, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham; Christopher Bennett, Lee, London, S.E.12; Clive R. Sims, Lakeside, Cardiff; Bruce Hague, Lazenby, Nr. Eston, Yorkshire; Nicholas Ford, Ripon, Yorkshire; David Leedham, Billesden, Leicester; Jeffry M. Baxter, Cropwell Bishop, Nottingham; Russell White, Longbeton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Roy Spooner, Chatham, Kent; Garry Mitchell, Forfar, Scotland; Roderick Willcox, Darlington, Co. Durham.

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!



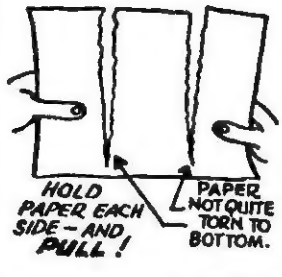
Burning Question!

YOU ask your mates to write down on a piece of paper any question which you can answer with a straight "YES" or "NO" . . . for example "Do you like Bad Penny?" Okay, now you read the question—then burn it on a plate. (But like the wise old man who haunts the garret always says: "CAREFUL! Don't play carelessly with fire—it can HURT!). Anyway, that safely done, pick up the ashes, rub them on the back of your hand, and whichever answer you have chosen will appear like magic!

How did you do it . . . Well, all you did was lightly write "YES" on the back of one hand with white soap or cooking fat—and "NO" on the back of the other. The ashes stuck to whichever answer you chose to rub them on!

CHALLENGE!

HERE is the answer to last week's challenge. You can clearly see the galloping horse — but I bet it comes as a surprise to you.



THIS WEEK'S CHALLENGE . . .

TAKE a piece of paper and make two tears almost to the bottom edge. Now, holding the two side pieces in either hand, pull them to try and make the middle piece drop right away. Easy? I think you are in for another surprise!

WATER WHIZ!

Cut out a piece of card the same size and shape as shown below, and give it to your mate asking him if he can make it move in water without touching it—or the bowl. Of course, he can't do it.

But now YOU pick it up, say a few magic mutterings and put it back in the bowl. Sure enough, it will move, at quite a speed. Want the Knowall knowhow? You have scraped some soft soap under the nail of your thumb before you started the trick. Now, when you put the "boat" back in the bowl, you secretly scrape the soap under your thumb nail into the gap at the stern.

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL,
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

? DO YOU KNOW ?

The day before yesterday I was 9 years old. But next year I will be 12. Can you guess how this is possible?

When is a black dog not a black dog?

How many triangles are in this sketch? ANSWERS ON THE RIGHT.

YOU DO NOW!

My birthday is on December 31 — and I asked the question on January 1.

When it is a greyhound!

TWELVE.

YES... IT'S DAREDEVIL FIGHTING SPIDER-MAN ROUND TWO

WHILE THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED MARAUDER STEALS THE PLANS FOR THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED MOTOR, HE FOOLS SPIDERMAN INTO ATTACKING DAREDEVIL. OKAY! — SECONDS OUT!...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, WEBFACE — BUT I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON IN MANNERS!

YOU WON'T BEAT ME THAT WAY, D.D.! I CAN MATCH ANY ACROBATIC STUNT YOU KNOW-- AND GO YOU ONE BETTER!

I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER ABOUT ALL THIS IF I DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM!

I WONDER WHO HE REALLY IS? JUDGING BY THE SOUND OF HIS PULSE RATE--AND HIS VOICE--HE CAN'T BE OLDER THAN TWENTY!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

LISTEN, KID--DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT YOU'RE FIGHTING THE WRONG MAN?

THUD

KID?!! I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S A KID--!!

BLAST IT! I SAID THE WRONG THING! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED A FELLA HIS AGE MIGHT RESENT BEING CALLED A KID! NOW HE'S REALLY MAD!

JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE, YOU CRIMSON CREEP! IT'LL BE OVER IN A MINUTE!

I'VE GOT TO STALL HIM--TILL I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING--!

HOW COME YOU'RE TACKLING ME? WAS THE MASKED MARAUDER TOO MUCH FOR YOU?

YOU'RE NOT FOOLIN' ME, MISTER! I JUST FIGURED SOMETHING OUT--!

FOR ALL I KNOW, YOU'RE IN LEAGUE WITH THE MARAUDER! THAT COULD BE WHY YOU ATTACKED ME--TO KEEP ME OCCUPIED WHILE HE PULLS A JOB ELSEWHERE!

A CLEVER GUESS, WEB-HEAD! BUT THAT'S WHAT I WAS BEGINNING TO SUSPECT ABOUT YOU!

UHHH! IF YOU'D ONLY STAY PUT FOR A SECOND--!

HE'S GETTING CLOSER WITH EACH BLOW! AND WITH HIS STRENGTH, I'M SURE TO WEAKEN BEFORE HE DOES!

SO, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE-- SOMEHOW--!

KRAK

I'LL NAIL YOU SOONER OR LATER--

HIS STYLE IS ALMOST THE SAME AS MINE-- AND YET--

--THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT HIM! IT'S AS THOUGH HE HAS AN EXTRA SENSE OF SOME SORT --BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS!
MAYBE I AM MAKING A MISTAKE ABOUT HIM! HE SURE DOESN'T ACT LIKE SOMEONE WHO'S TRYING TO HARM ME...!
HE STOPPED! PROBABLY PLANNING A NEW ATTACK! NOW'S MY CHANCE--!
LITTLE BILLY CLUB-- IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO EARN YOUR KEEP--!

HAH!! YOU MISSED!
OKAY--THAT SINKS IT! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR GOING EASY ON YOU!
EASY ON ME? I'D HATE TO SEE YOU WHEN YOU'RE ROUGH ON A FELLA!
THWIP!
THAPP!

MY WEBBING'LL GET HIM!
OH, BY THE WAY-- I DIDN'T MISS! I WANTED TO HIT THE POLE BEHIND YOU--AND HERE'S WHY--!
I SHOT IT OUT TOO FAST! IS HE OUT-CLASSING ME --OR AM I SUBCONSCIOUSLY TRYING NOT TO SERIOUSLY HURT HIM??
ZIP!

HE MOVES LIKE A STREAK! MY ARMS ARE PINNED--CAN'T USE THEM!
BUT, THIS TIME HIS LINE IS AS STRONG AS I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD BE!
WITH LUCK, THIS'LL GIVE ME THE BRIEF BREATHING SPELL I NEED!

THIS WILL HAVE TO DO IT! CAN'T SWING AROUND ANY LONGER--MY LINE'S ALL USED UP! AND MY ARM FEELS LIKE IT'S BEING WRENCHED CLEAN OFF!
MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU THAT EVEN SOMEONE WITH HIGHLY-TOUTED SPIDER STRENGTH CAN'T WIN THEM ALL!
YOU DON'T THINK THESE THIN STRANDS CAN HOLD ME FOR LONG?
THEY'D BETTER! THAT STUFF'S EXPENSIVE! AND IT CAME WITH A THIRTY-DAY GUARANTEE!

THAT DOES IT, SPIDEY! I'LL SEE YOU AROUND!
PERHAPS NEXT TIME YOU'LL KNOW BETTER THAN TO ATTACK SOMEONE LIKE A HOT-HEADED JUVENILE TROUBLE-MAKER!
WAIT! I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU YET!
IF YOU'VE ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY--WRITE ME A LETTER!

I'D BETTER TAKE OFF FAST! HE'S READY TO EXPLODE!
I SURE WAS LUCKY TO COME OUT OF THAT UNSCATHED!
AND IT'S A SAFE BET MY LINE WON'T HOLD HIM VERY MUCH LONGER!

THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER TO ALL THIS! SOMEONE HAD TO BE IMPERSONATING ME--ATTACKING SPIDER-MAN IN MY COSTUME!
BUT, I CAN'T PROVE THAT UNTIL I CATCH THE IMPOSTER!
RIGHT NOW, HOWEVER, I'D BETTER LOSE MYSELF FAST--BEFORE SPIDEY GETS ON MY TRAIL AGAIN!

AND, EVEN AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR SWIFTLY SWINGS OUT OF SIGHT...
SNAPP!
I'M FREE!
BUT THAT RED-GARBED GOON IS PROBABLY GONE BY NOW!

JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF --NOT A TRACE OF HIM!

WHEREVER HE IS, HE'S TOO FAR FOR MY SPIDER SENSE TO DETECT! LUCKY FOR HIM!

WELL, I'VE HAD PLENTY OF TRIUMPHANT DAYS IN MY WEB-SPRINKLED CAREER--

BUT THIS SURE WASN'T ONE OF THEM!

SO, I GUESS IT'S BACK TO THE RANCH FOR A WHILE!

BUT, IN THE CASE OF SPIDER-MAN, THE "RANCH" CONSISTS OF A TWO-STOREY FRAME HOUSE IN FOREST HILLS, WHERE WE FIND PETER PARKER THE NEXT MORNING, WITH HIS DOTING AUNT MAY---

GOSH, YOU'RE UP EARLY, AUNT MAY!

I KNOW, PETER DEAR! I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO RUSH OFF WITHOUT YOUR BREAKFAST AGAIN TODAY!

A FRAIL BOY LIKE YOU NEEDS HIS NOURISHMENT!

BRO-THER!

THEN, ONE PIPING-HOT PLATE OF OATMEAL LATER--

SHOULDN'T YOU WEAR YOUR SWEATER, DEAR? IT'S A BIT NIPPY OUT!

AW, THAT'S OKAY! I FEEL KINDA RUGGED TODAY!

SEE YOU LATER, AUNT MAY!

BLESS HER LOVING HEART! IF I ONLY DARED TELL HER THE TRUTH ABOUT MYSELF--!

THEN, AFTER A SUBWAY RIDE TO THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY BUGLE...

MR. JAMESON, HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT--?

A FINE TIME FOR YOU TO SHOW UP, PARKER!

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU??

NEEDED ME??

SOME FREE-LANCE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!! PHOOEY!

THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE MONTH AND I HAVEN'T ONE PICTURE!

NO ONE'S GONNA TELL ME THAT SPIDER-MAN ISN'T BEHIND THE WHOLE THING! I'M CONVINCED THAT HE ATTACKED DAREDEVIL JUST TO LURE THE POLICE AWAY FROM THE MARAUDER!

DAILY BUGLE

MASKED MARAUDER GANG STRIKES AGAIN!

VITAL XB-390 ENGINE STOLEN AS DAREDEVIL AND SPIDER-MAN BATTLE ON CITY ROOFTOPS!

I KNOW SPIDEY ISN'T GUILTY-- BUT WHAT ABOUT DAREDEVIL?

GET OUT! OUT! I HATE EVERYBODY TODAY! ESPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO DON'T BRING ME ANY PICTURES!

WHAT IF DAREDEVIL IS IN LEAGUE WITH THE MARAUDER? THAT WOULD EXPLAIN HIS ATTACK ON ME!

BUT WHY HIM? IF A FELLA LIKE DAREDEVIL CAN TURN BAD--THEN HOW CAN YOU EVER TRUST ANYONE??

AND, EVEN AT THAT MOMENT, DAREDEVIL IS ON THE WAY TO HIS OFFICE...

EXTRA! EXTRA! MARAUDER STEALS XB-390 ENGINE! READ ALL ABOUT IT!!

COULD THAT BE THE REASON SPIDER-MAN FOUGHT WITH ME??

WAS HE TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM THE MARAUDER?

HOW CAN I BE SURE THE WEB-SPINNER HASN'T TURNED BAD?!!

THEN, AS THE SIGHTLESS ATTORNEY ENTERS THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

OH, MATT! HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? SOME NEWSPAPERS ARE ACCUSING DAREDEVIL OF BEING IN LEAGUE WITH THE MASKED MARAUDER!

ALL EXCEPT JAMESON'S DAILY BUGLE! THAT PAPER IS ACCUSING SPIDER-MAN OF THE SAME THING!

YES, I HEARD ABOUT IT ON THE RADIO!

EVERYONE THINKS THAT THEIR FIGHT WAS A PHONY-- JUST STAGED TO DIVERT THE POLICE'S ATTENTION FROM THE MARAUDER'S ROBBERY!

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF DAREDEVIL AND SPIDER-MAN WERE IN CAHOOTS--TOGETHER!

I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, FOGGY!

BUT, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT OF DAREDEVIL!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING, FOGGY! I DON'T KNOW ABOUT SPIDER-MAN--PERHAPS JAMESON IS RIGHT ABOUT HIM--BUT DAREDEVIL IS ON THE UP AND UP!

I KNOW THAT DAREDEVIL HAS NO CONNECTION WITH THE MASKED MARAUDER! HE CAN'T HAVE!

OKAY, MATT--WE WERE ONLY TALKING! NO NEED TO FLY OFF THE HANDLE!

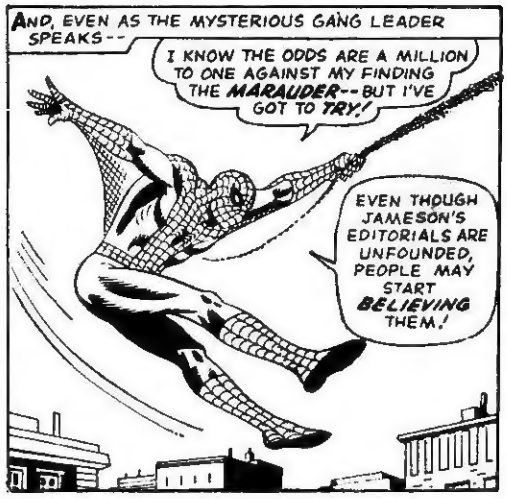
BUT, TELL ME SOMETHING --HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE ABOUT DAREDEVIL?

UH OH! I'VE GOT TO BE MORE CAREFUL! I ALMOST GAVE MYSELF AWAY!

I DON'T KNOW, FOGGY--JUST A HUNCH--THAT'S ALL!

IF SPIDER-MAN HAS TURNED BAD--WILL EVEN DAREDEVIL BE ABLE TO STOP HIM?

BUT, WHILE PETER PARKER AND MATT MURDOCK ARE WRACKED BY DOUBTS --THE MASKED MARAUDER GLOATS IN TRIUMPH--!
STEALING THESE BLUEPRINTS IS ONLY THE FIRST STEP OF MY CAREFULLY WORKED-OUT MASTER PLAN!
THERE ARE UNDERWORLD ORGANIZATIONS--SYNDICATES --EVEN NATIONS, WHO WOULD PAY ANY AMOUNT FOR THE SECRET OF THE XB-390! BUT, I'M NOT READY TO SELL--YET!
NOW, LISTEN TO ME CLOSELY--ALL OF YOU--!


AND, EVEN AS THE MYSTERIOUS GANG LEADER SPEAKS--
I KNOW THE ODDS ARE A MILLION TO ONE AGAINST MY FINDING THE MARAUDER--BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY!
EVEN THOUGH JAMESON'S EDITORIALS ARE UNFOUNDED, PEOPLE MAY START BELIEVING THEM!

I'VE COVERED HALF THE CITY WITHOUT-- WAIT! WHAT'S THAT??
MY SPIDER SENSE-- IT'S TINGLING TO BEAT THE BAND!

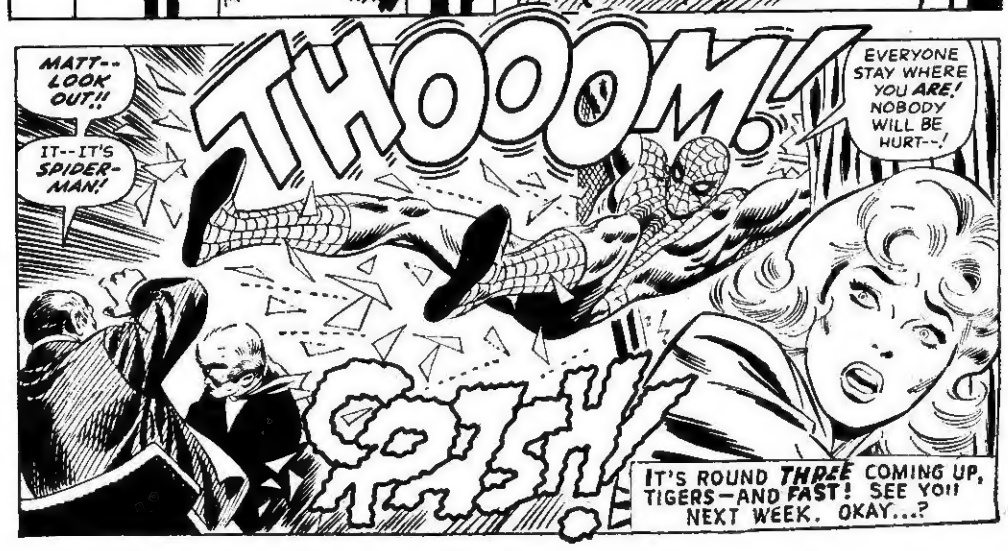
AND THEN, COINCIDENCE REARS ITS NUTTY HEAD...
WHATEVER IS ATTRACTING IT MUST BE IN THE BUILDING BENEATH ME! BUT-- IT ISN'T REACTING TO THE PRESENCE OF THE MARAUDER--
IT'S THE SAME TINGLING I FELT WHEN I WAS BATTLING OL' HORN-HEAD YESTERDAY!
IT CAN ONLY BE DAREDEVIL I SENSE! AND THIS TIME, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS--HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME!

THE FEELING IS STRONGER THAN EVER! HE MUST BE PRACTICALLY WITHIN REACH!
IT'S COMING FROM THAT WINDOW! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT--
DAREDEVIL IS INSIDE!

THREE PEOPLE! A BLIND MAN--A GIRL--BUT, THE THIRD--!
THAT HAS TO BE-- HIM!

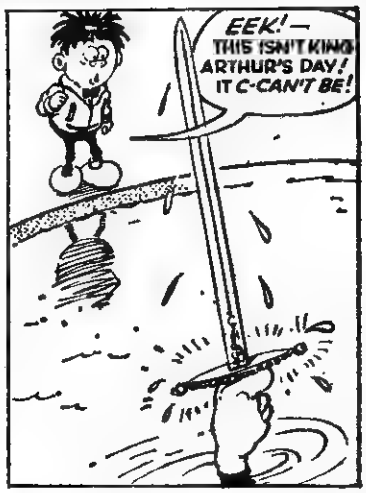
HE'S HEAVIER-- SOFTER-LOOKING THAN I EXPECTED--!
WHAT'S WRONG, MATT? DON'T YOU FEEL WELL??
OUTSIDE THE WINDOW--! MY RADAR SENSE REGISTERS SPIDER-MAN!
BUT--I CAN'T TELL FOGGY!

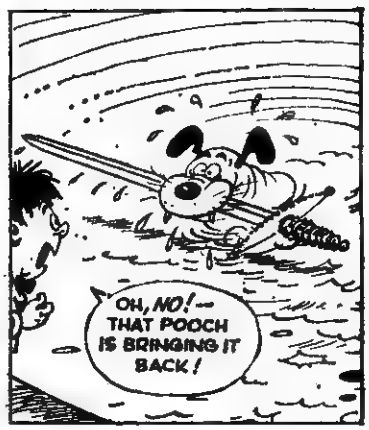
NO MATTER NOW FLABBY HE LOOKS--MY SPIDER-SENSE CAN'T BE WRONG!
HE'S LEAPING IN!! HE'S ATTACKING US!
AND THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR ME TO CHANGE TO DAREDEVIL!

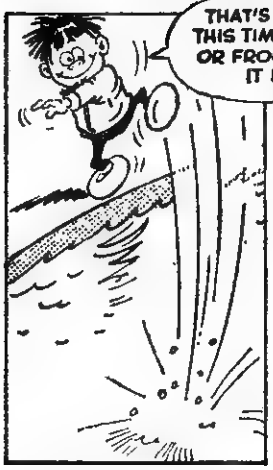

MATT-- LOOK OUT!!
IT--IT'S SPIDER-MAN!
THOOOM!
EVERYONE STAY WHERE YOU ARE! NOBODY WILL BE HURT--!
CRASH!
IT'S ROUND THREE COMING UP, TIGERS—AND FAST! SEE YOU! NEXT WEEK. OKAY...?

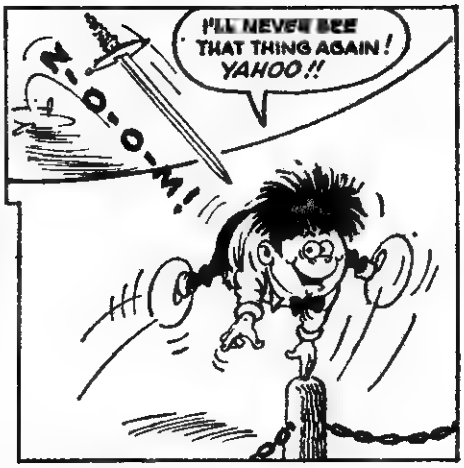
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

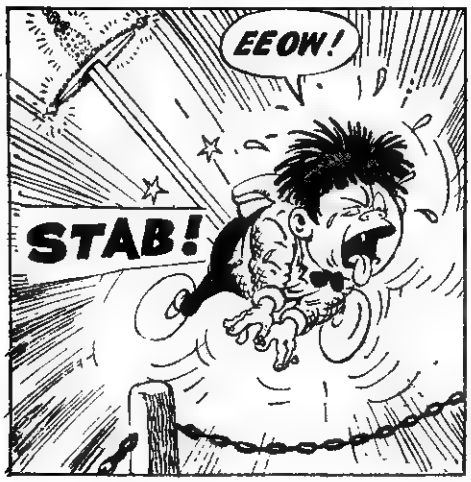
RONNIE RICH

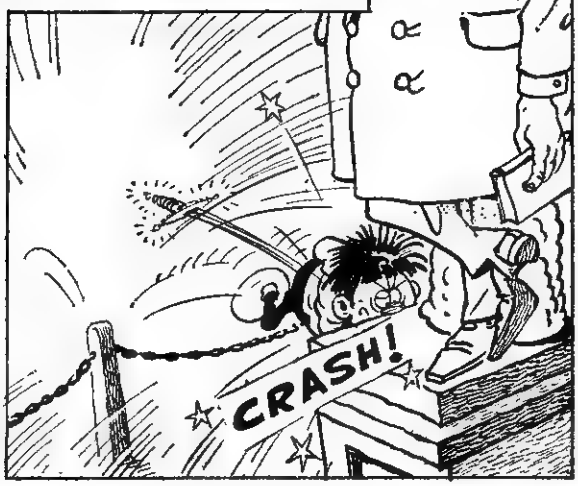






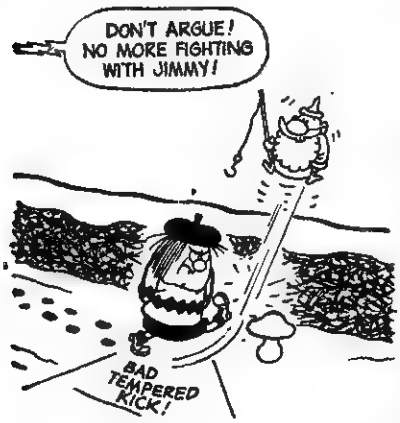


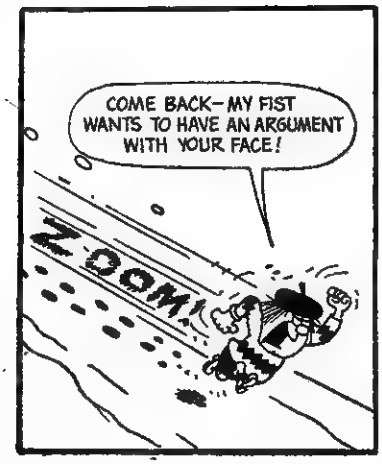


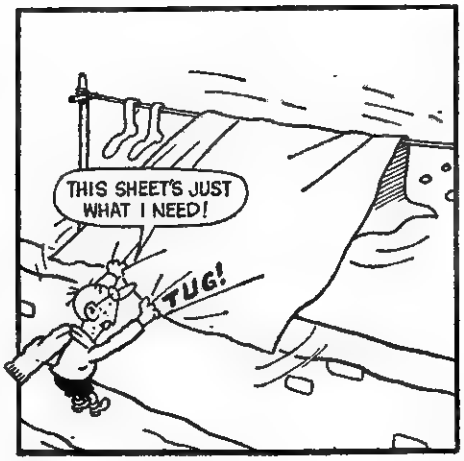


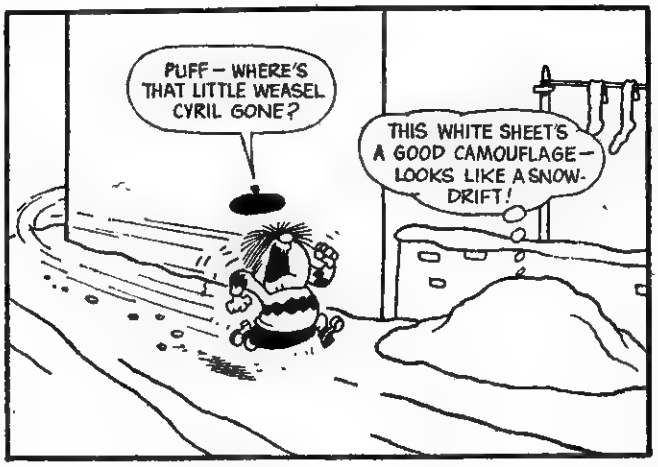
BAD PENNY

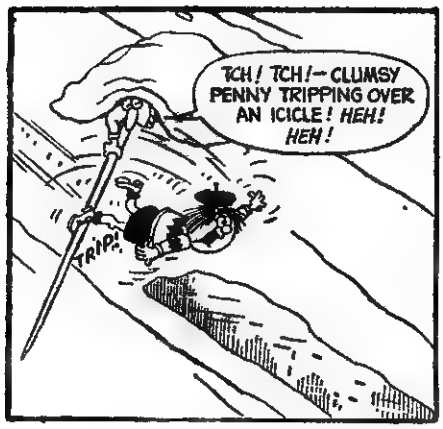
ONE PENNY 1968

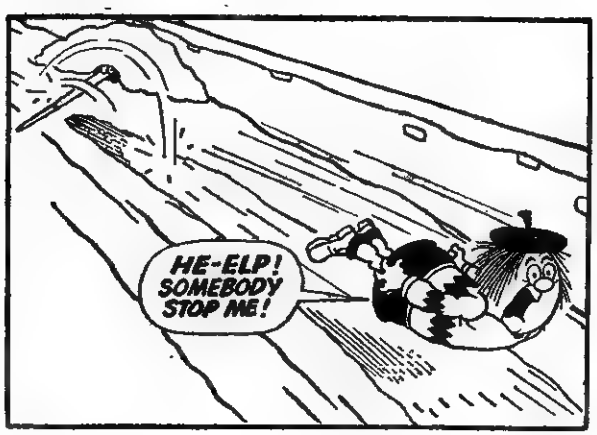


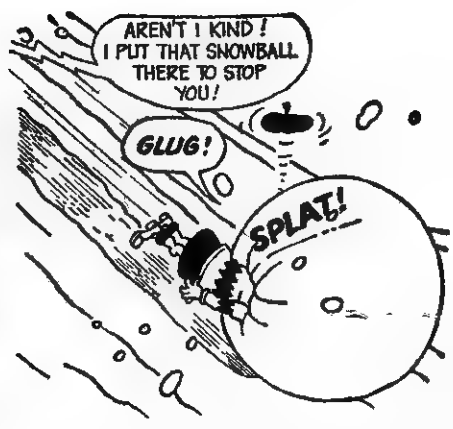


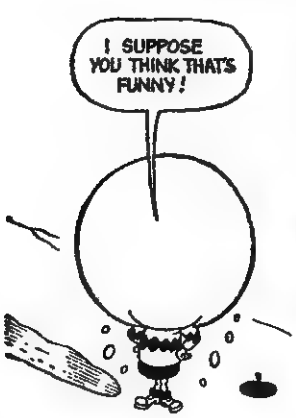





TCH! TCH!—CLUMSY PENNY TRIPPING OVER AN ICICLE! HEH! HEH!
TRIP!

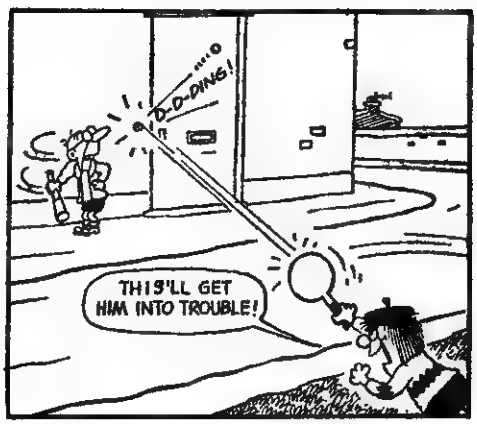

HE-ELP! SOMEBODY STOP ME!

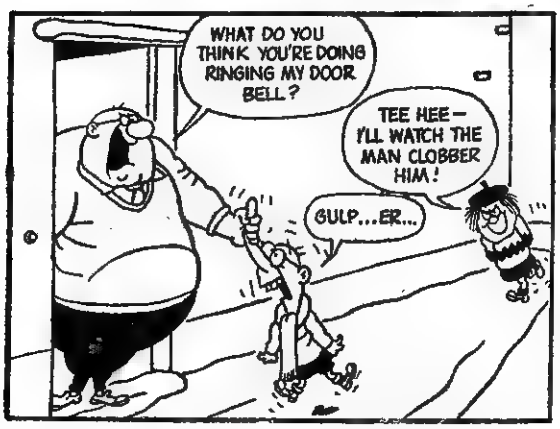

AREN'T I KIND! I PUT THAT SNOWBALL THERE TO STOP YOU!
GLUG!
SPLAT!


I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY!

SO CYRIL WANTS TO PLAY GAMES, DOES HE?

WELL I KNOW A GOOD GAME—PING PONG!
PENNY WON'T CATCH ME—I'LL SEE HER COMING A MILE OFF WITH THIS TELE-SCOPE!


D-D-DING!
THIS'LL GET HIM INTO TROUBLE!

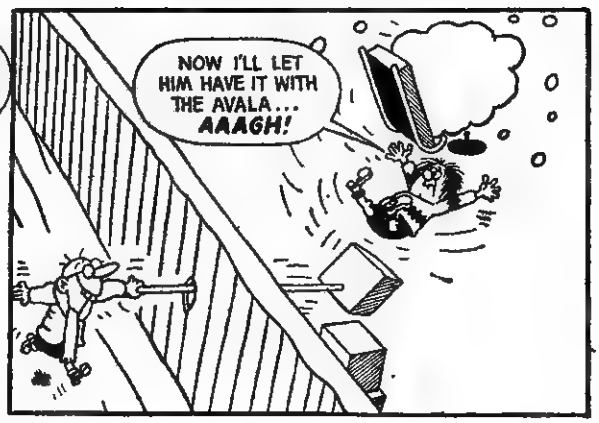

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING RINGING MY DOOR BELL?
TEE HEE—I'LL WATCH THE MAN CLOBBER HIM!
GULP...ER...

I RANG THE BELL TO LET YOU KNOW MY FRIEND PENNY'S OFFERED TO CLEAR THE SNOW FROM YOUR FRONT DOOR—AN' SHE DOESN'T WANT PAYING FOR DOING IT!
WHAT A KIND LITTLE GIRL!

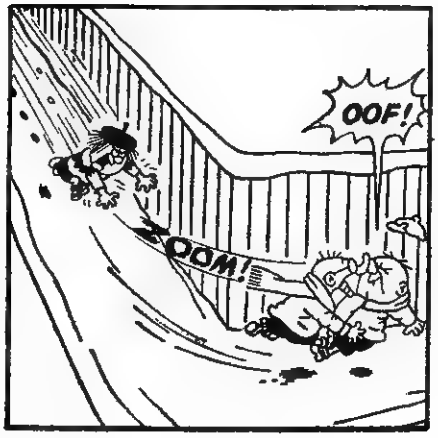
HERE'S YOUR SHOVEL!
PAH! CYRIL WAS TOO SMART FOR ME!

HMM—I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO WITH THIS SNOW!

WHEN CYRIL COMES PAST HERE ON HIS WAY HOME I'LL BURY HIM IN AN AVALANCHE!


NOW I'LL LET HIM HAVE IT WITH THE AVALA... AAAGH!

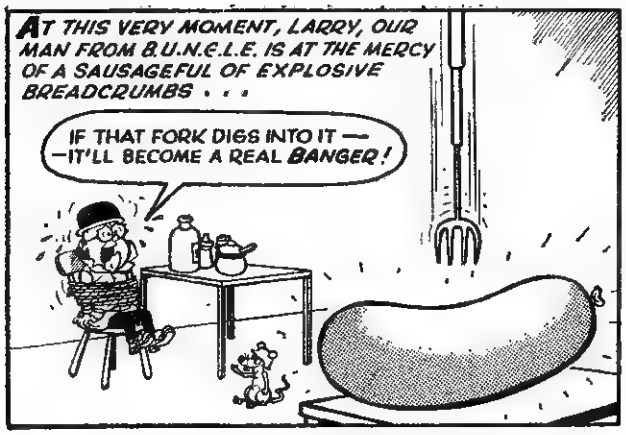
I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT!

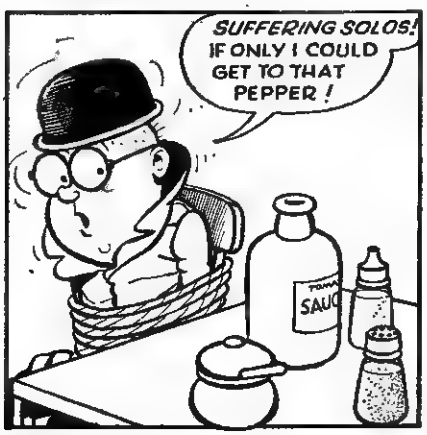

OOF!
WOOM!

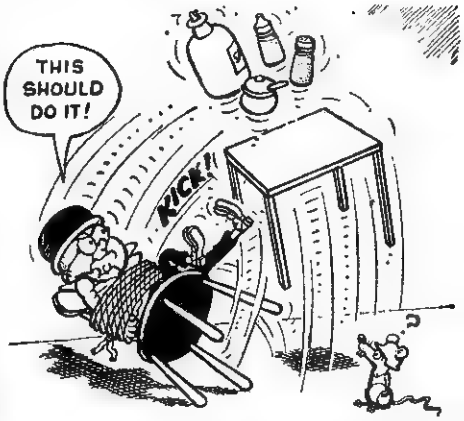
MUM TOLD ME I MUSTN'T FIGHT YOU, JIMMY—
GULP!

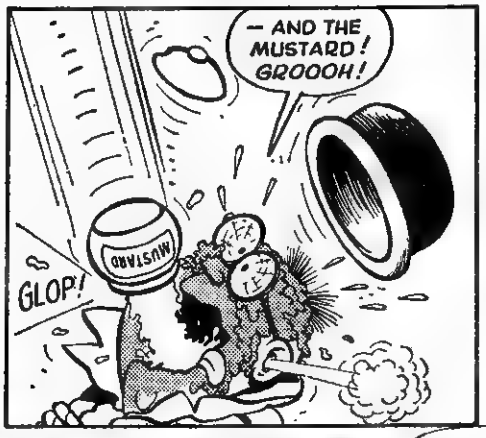
—BUT SHE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT FIGHTING CYRIL! HAR! HAR!
THIS IS FUN!
OW-OOH! OW!

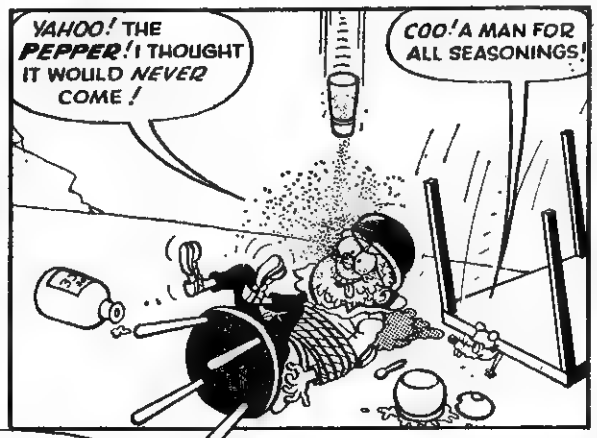
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

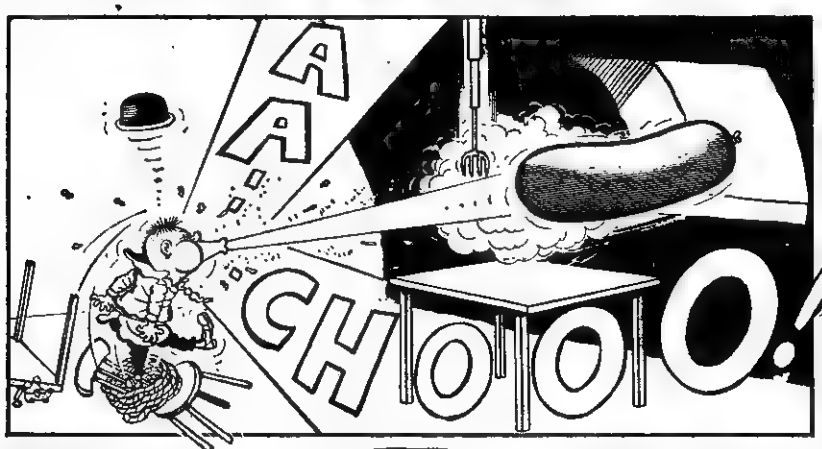


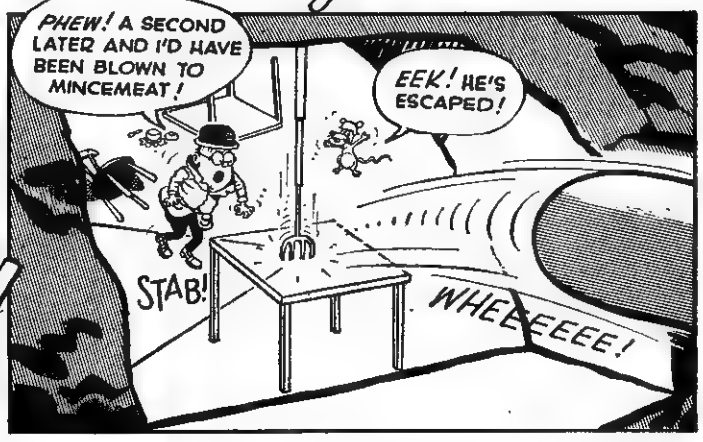


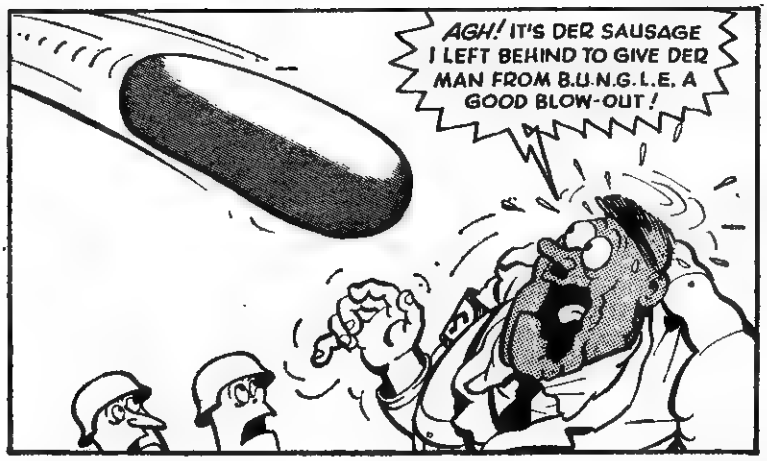


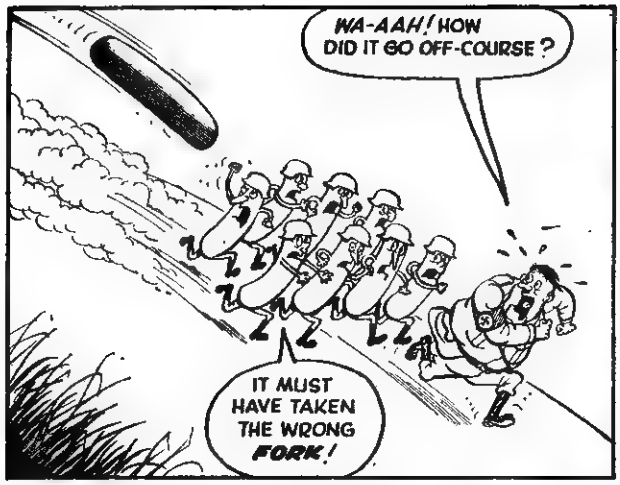






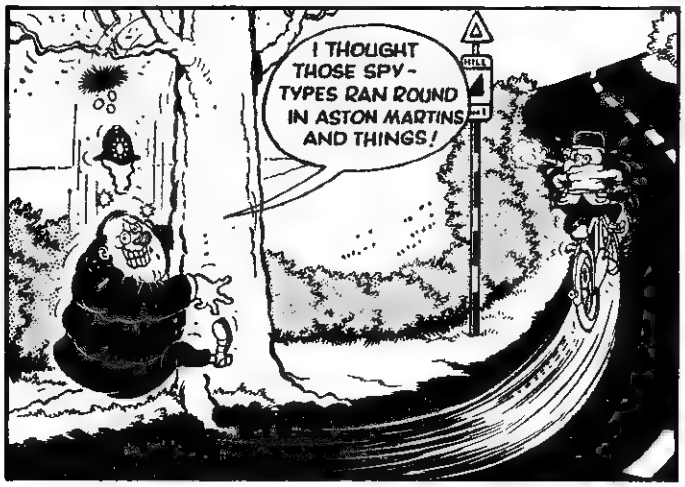





WA-AAH! HOW DID IT GO OFF-COURSE?
IT MUST HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG FORK!

WHEEEEE!
HELP!
WHOOSH!
ONE HOT-DOG COMING UP!

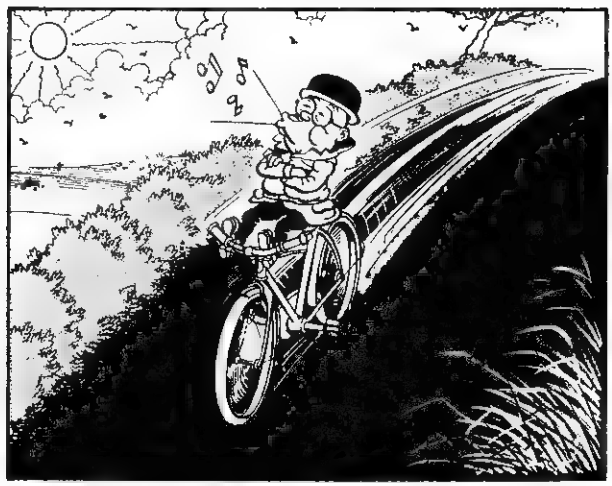
I'M AFRAID I MUST COMMANDEER YOUR VEHICLE IN THE CAUSE OF DUTY — RULE 97, PARAGRAPH 42!
SPLAT!
GRAB!


I THOUGHT THOSE SPY-TYPES RAN ROUND IN ASTON MARTINS AND THINGS!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR OUR HERO, ADOLPH TWITLER, HAS NETTED THE RUNAWAY BANGER!
DER TIME IS RIGHT TO STRIKE! WE WILL MARCH ON LONDON AND KIDNAP DER GOVERNMENT!

ACHTUNG! DER MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. IS COMING!

RIGHT! LAY DER AMBUSH! THIS TIME WE SHALL GET RID OF HIM — ONCE AND FOR DER ALL!

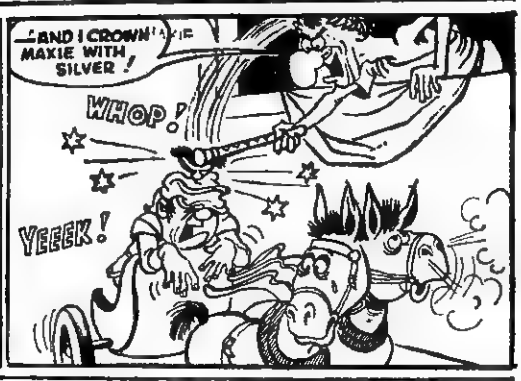


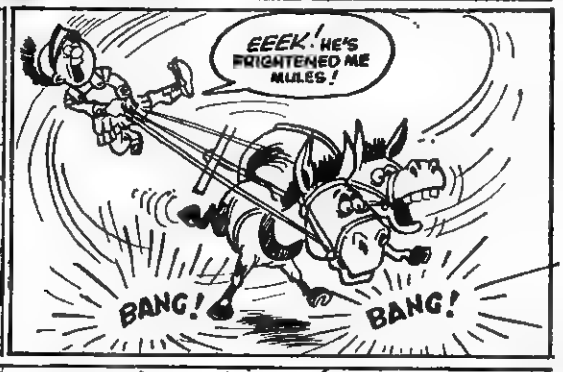
AAH! SPRING IS IN THE AIR — THE BIRDS ARE SINGING AND THE FIELDS ARE GREEN — NOTHING COULD HAPPEN TO A LAD ON A DAY LIKE THIS!
HOW WRONG CAN A LAD BE? WE RECKON IT'S LARRY WHO'S GREEN — NOT THE FIELDS! STILL, WE'LL SEE NEXT ISH!

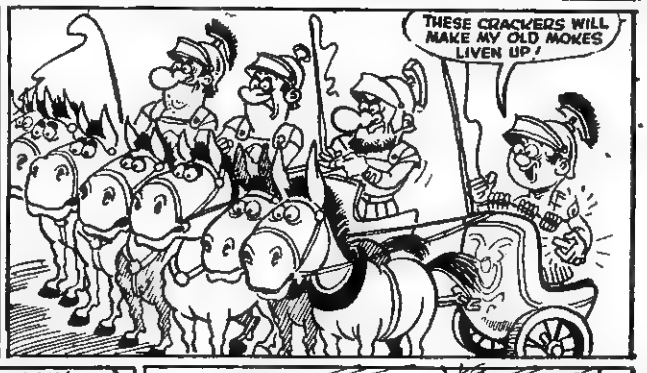
HE'S THE RIOT OF THE ARENA... IT'S...

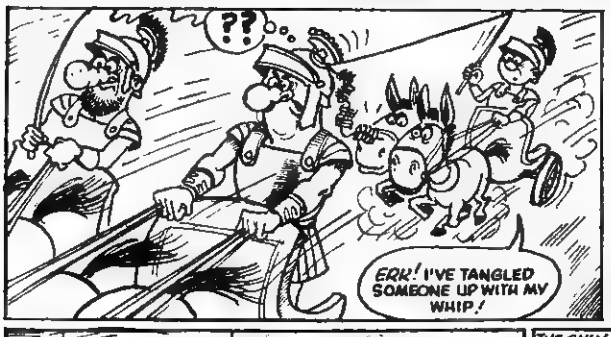
MINI-MAXIE!

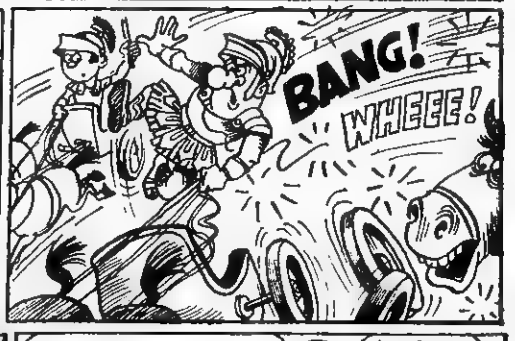
APPRENTICE GLADIATOR

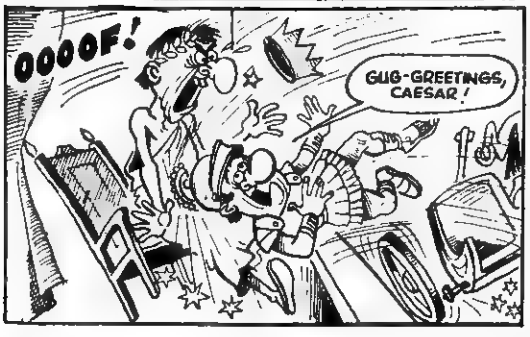


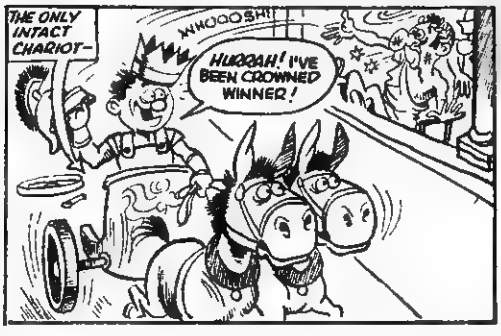


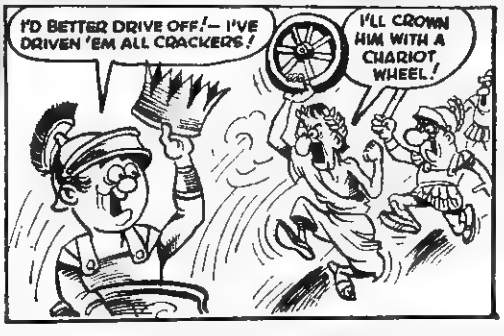












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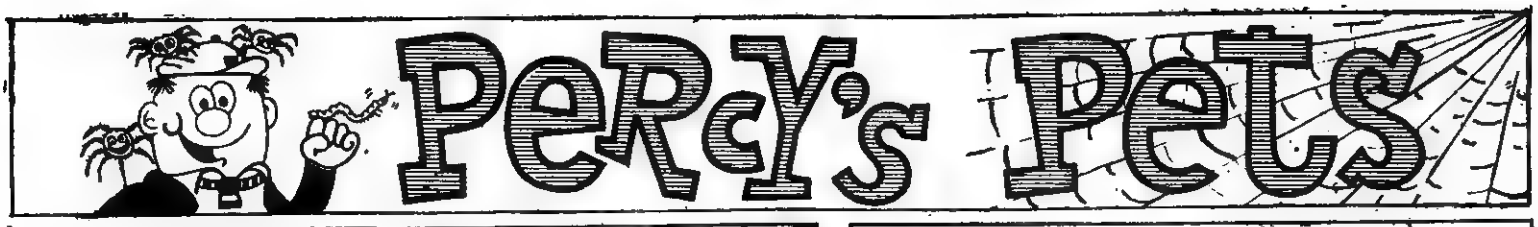
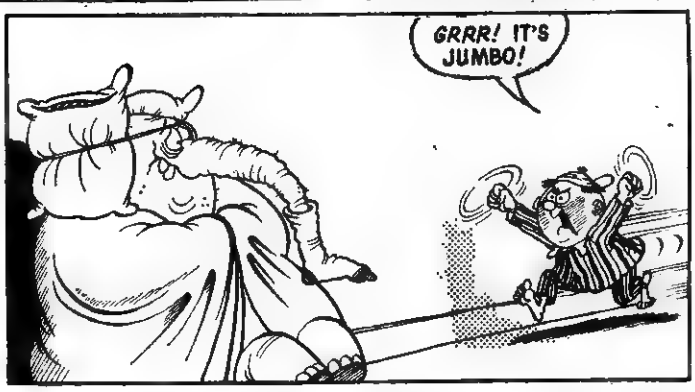
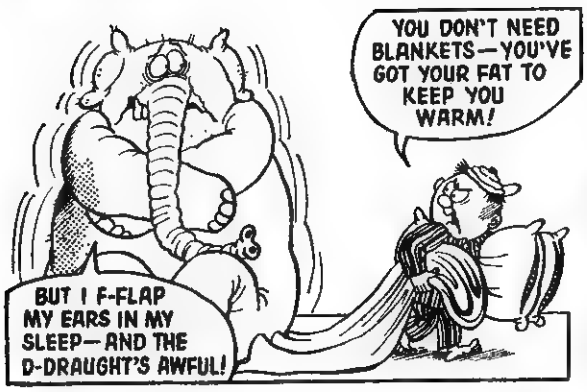
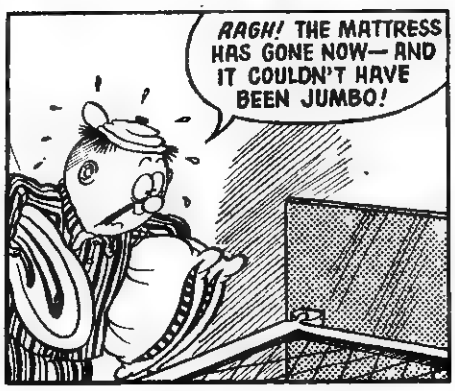

PERCY'S PETS

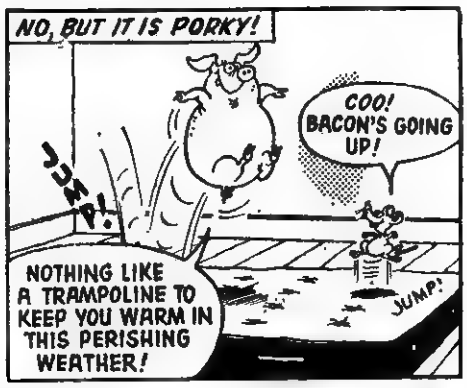
I'LL BE GLAD TO GET UNDER THE SHEETS TONIGHT—IT'S FREEZING!

AAGH! SOMEONE'S TAKEN ALL THE BLANKETS AND SHEETS AND THINGS!


GRRR! IT'S JUMBO!


YOU DON'T NEED BLANKETS—YOU'VE GOT YOUR FAT TO KEEP YOU WARM!
BUT I F-FLAP MY EARS IN MY SLEEP—AND THE D-DRAUGHT'S AWFUL!

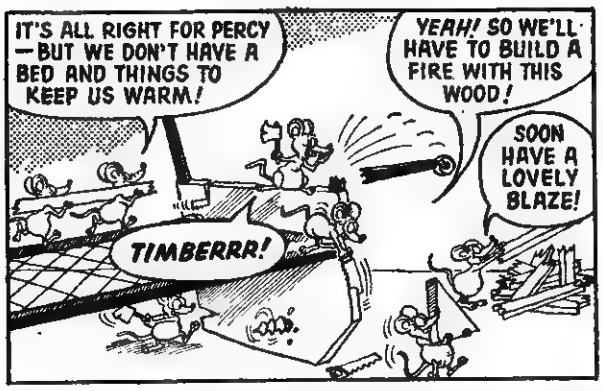

AAGH! THE MATTRESS HAS GONE NOW—AND IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN JUMBO!


NO, BUT IT IS PORKY!
COO! BACON'S GOING UP!
JUMP!
NOTHING LIKE A TRAMPOLINE TO KEEP YOU WARM IN THIS PERISHING WEATHER!
JUMP!

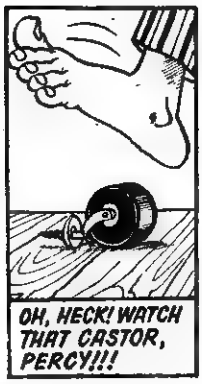
GRR! I'LL HAVE THAT, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
SNATCH!
AAGH! RIGHT ON ME STREAKY!

MAYBE I'LL GET TO SLEEP NOW—THOSE PETS OF MINE ARE A BLINKING NUISANCE SOMETIMES!
COO! I THOUGHT WE WERE A NUISANCE ALL THE TIME!

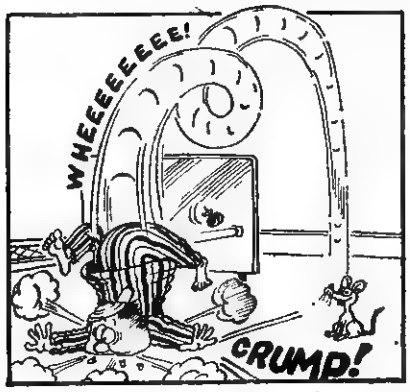
AAGH! SOMEONE'S NICKED MY BED NOW!
GONE!


IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR PERCY—BUT WE DON'T HAVE A BED AND THINGS TO KEEP US WARM!
YEAH! SO WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD A FIRE WITH THIS WOOD!
SOON HAVE A LOVELY BLAZE!
TIMBERRR!

AAGH! CUT IT OUT—MUM WILL HAVE MY HIDE IF YOU SAW UP MY BED, YOU TWERPS!
HUH! HERE COMES OLD SPOILSPORT—SUCH A SELFISH LAD!


OH, HECK! WATCH THAT CASTOR, PERCY!!!

ZIP!
AAGH!


WHEEEEEEEE!
CRUMP!

COO! IT LOOKS AS IF PERCY DOESN'T WANT HIS BED NOW!—

—HE'S GONE TO SLEEP ON THE FLOOR! HEH! HEH!
ZZZZZZ!
GOODNIGHT, ALL!

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO...

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

IN HIS HASTE TO ESCAPE FROM BATMAN ON ST. SWITHINS ISLE, "BLUE MAX" CRASHES INTO THE SEA...

BUT AS THE SHATTERED PLANE SINKS TO THE BOTTOM...

LUCKY I HAD THIS SCUBA GEAR ABOARD...

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... SO I'LL LIVE TO GET EVEN WITH BATMAN!

MEANWHILE...

ODD! THE MONEY MAX TOOK WAS REAL... BUT THIS STUFF IS COUNTERFEIT!

YOU SEE, INSPECTOR, AT LEAST THREE OF THE BILLS HAVE THE SAME SERIAL NUMBER!

QUITE SO, BATMAN!

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ST. SWITHINS CONSTABULARY...

COULD ANYONE IN YOUR JURISDICTION BE MAKING SUCH MONEY?

POSSIBLY. MAN NAMED ELMO ERSATZ. LIVES ON NEARBY AYO CAY WITH A PET TURTLE, OF ALL THINGS!

HE REGISTERED WITH US AS AN EX-CONVICT-- A REFORMED COUNTERFEITER!

I GUESS HE DIDN'T REFORM FAR ENOUGH!

A POLICE LAUNCH CARRIES BATMAN AND ROBIN TO AYO CAY...

THAT'S MR. ELMO ERSATZ'S SHOP JUST AHEAD!

I HOPE OUR COUNTERFEITING FRIEND IS STILL HERE!

HE'S HERE, RIGHT ENOUGH!-- DEAD!

APPEARS HIS PET TURTLE WOULDN'T LET HIM LEAVE! POOR CHAP DIED OF THIRST, I SHOULD THINK!

THIS BAG CONTAINS NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS IN GENUINE CURRENCY!

--AND NO COUNTERFEIT PLATES TO BE FOUND!

"ELMO THE ETCHER" MUST HAVE MADE ONE LAST DEAL WITH "BLUE MAX"--AND DIDN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO ENJOY THE ONE BIG "SCORE" OF HIS CAREER!

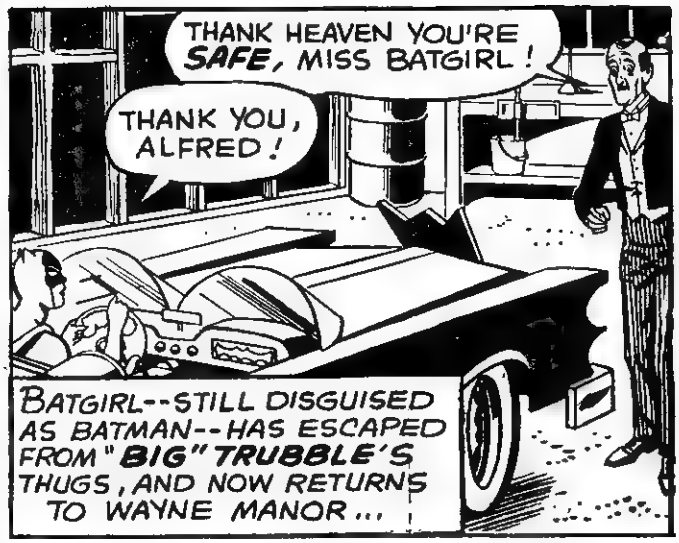
BOB KANE

POOR OLD GUY! HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GREAT ARTIST-- IF HE HADN'T BEEN A CROOK!

BACK ON ST. SWITHINS...
THIS MILLION DOLLARS WILL BE RELEASED TO YOUR GOVERNMENT, BATMAN!
GOOD... BUT I'M MORE INTERESTED IN THIS COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

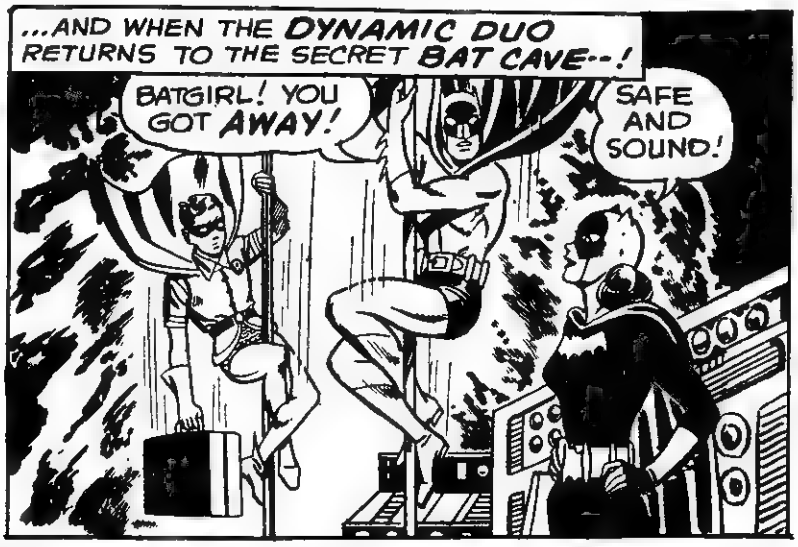
AND LATER, AS THE BAT BOAT SPANKS TOWARD KEY WEST...
GOLLY, BATMAN! HOW CAN WE RANSOM BATGIRL WITH THAT PHONEY STUFF?

SOMEHOW I THINK IT'LL SERVE OUR PURPOSE BETTER THAN REAL MONEY!


THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE, MISS BATGIRL!
THANK YOU, ALFRED!
BATGIRL--STILL DISGUISED AS BATMAN--HAS ESCAPED FROM "BIG" TRUBBLE'S THUGS, AND NOW RETURNS TO WAYNE MANOR...

BACK AT KEY WEST, BATMAN AND ROBIN WING TOWARD HOME IN THE BATPLANE!

WHILE IN THE OFFICE OF UNDERWORLD PAYMASTER B.G. ("BIG") TRUBBLE...
BAD NEWS, BOSS! BATGIRL HAS BUSTED LOOSE!
THAT MEANS THE "SYNDICATE" BOYS WILL DUMP ME IN THE RIVER!!


...AND WHEN THE DYNAMIC DUO RETURNS TO THE SECRET BAT CAVE--!
BATGIRL! YOU GOT AWAY!
SAFE AND SOUND!

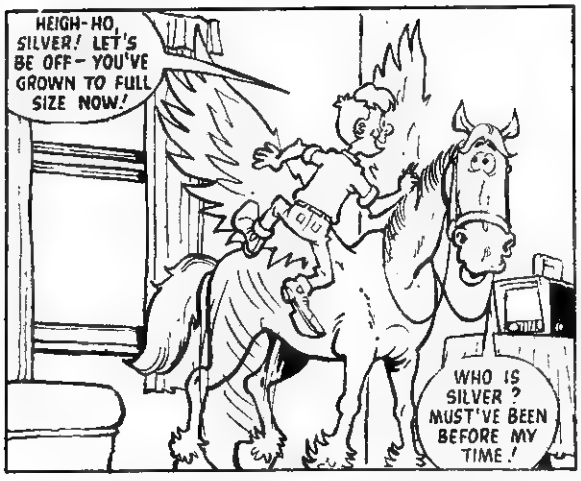
BOY! DOES THIS EVER MESS UP ALL OUR PLANS!!
I'M SORRY. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE PLEASED...

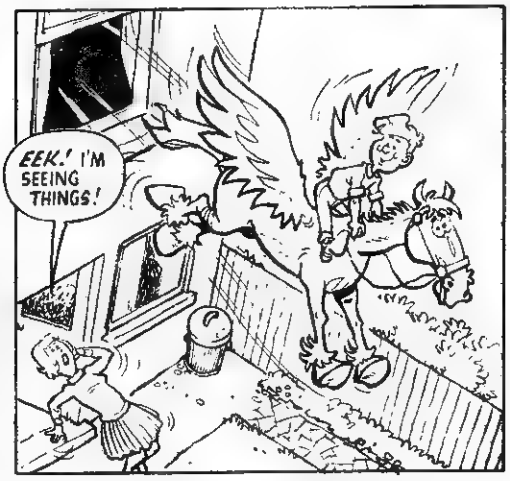
GOSH! I MEAN WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BUT--
WE'RE VERY GLAD!
WELL-- THANKS!

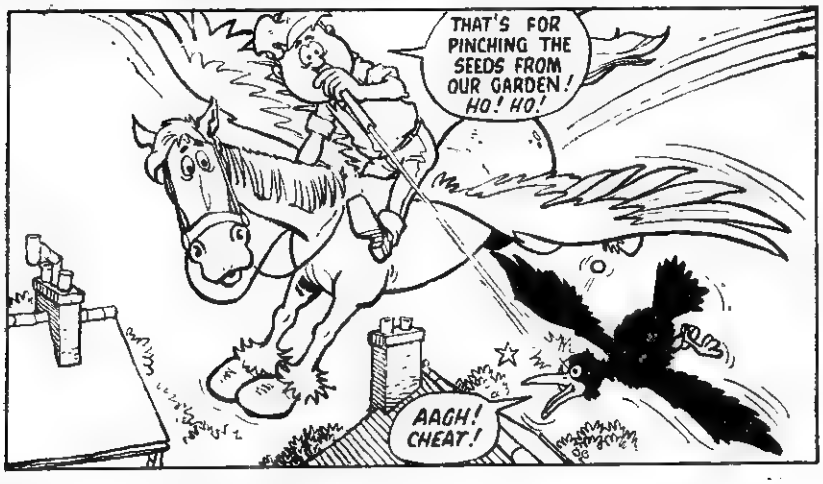
WE'LL SIMPLY CARRY OUT OUR PLAN AS THOUGH WE THINK THEY STILL HAVE YOU!
BATINUED NEXT ISH.

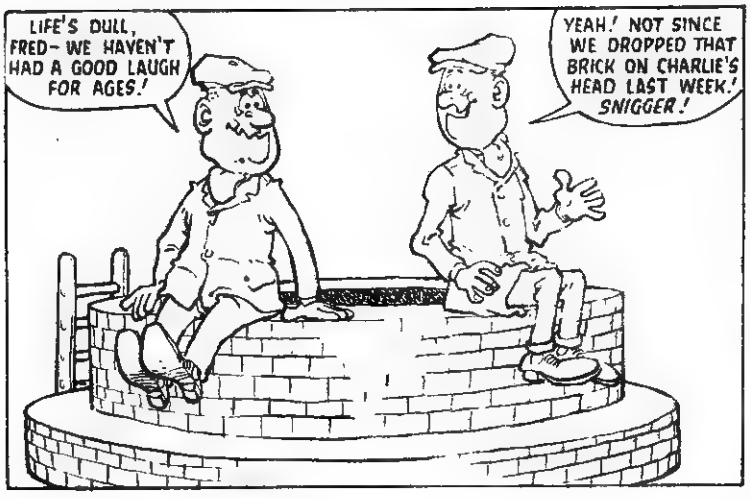
Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!



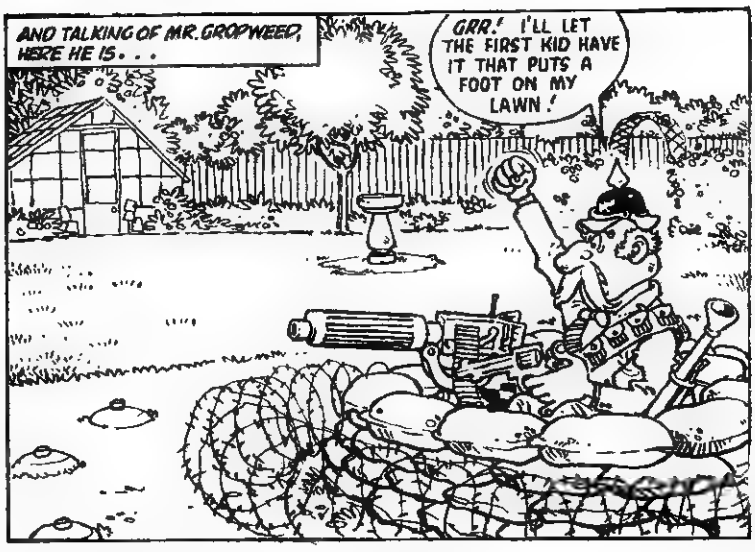




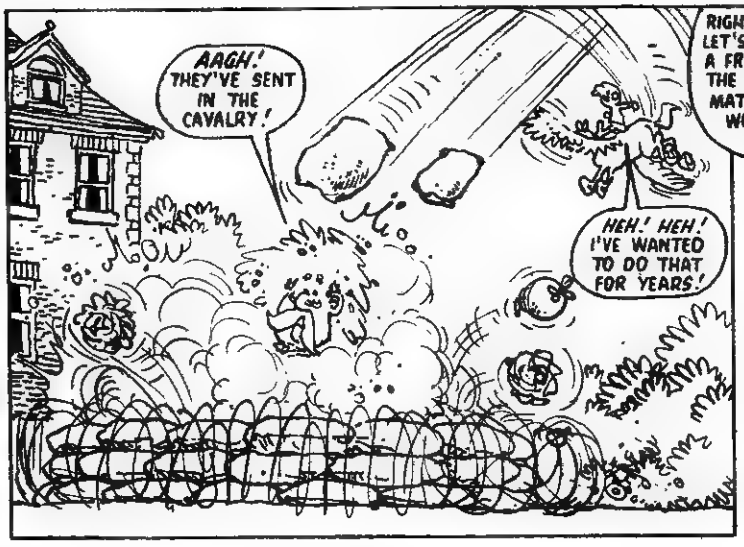


IT MUST'VE BEEN A DREAM— A BAD DREAM!
BUT THESE BUMPS AREN'T A DREAM!

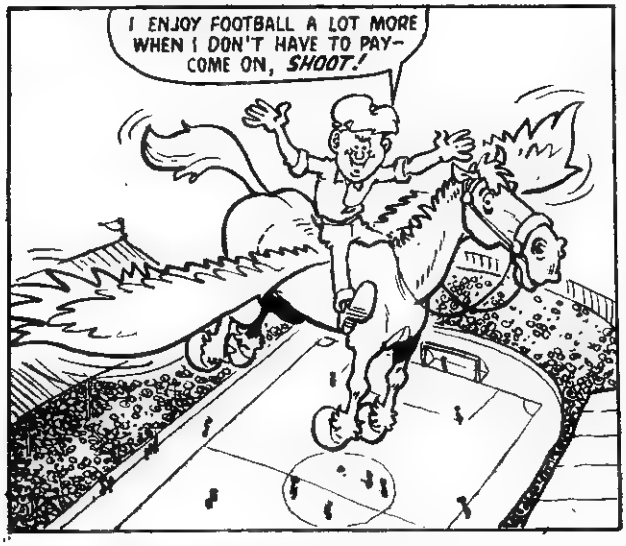
NOW TO GET REVENGE ON GRUMPY GROPWEED—HE GIVES US KIDS A TERRIBLE TIME!


AND TALKING OF MR. GROPWEED, HERE HE IS...
GRR! I'LL LET THE FIRST KID HAVE IT THAT PUTS A FOOT ON MY LAWN!

FLAP! FLAP!

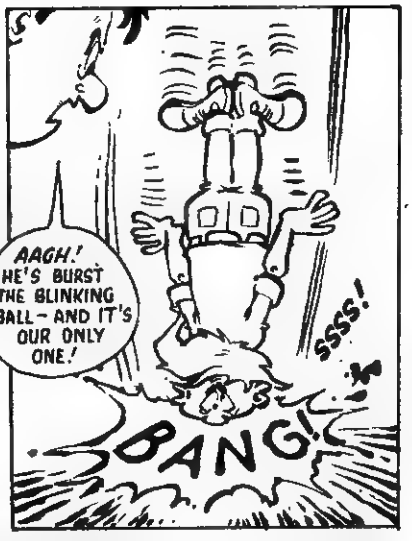

AAGH! THEY'VE SENT IN THE CAVALRY!
HEH! HEH! I'VE WANTED TO DO THAT FOR YEARS!

RIGHT, PEGASUS— LET'S GO AND HAVE A FREE LOOK AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH NOW— WE WON'T HAVE TO PAY!
FOOTBALL? WHAT'S FOOTBALL?


I ENJOY FOOTBALL A LOT MORE WHEN I DON'T HAVE TO PAY— COME ON, SHOOT!

AAGH! NO! NOT NOW! YOU CAN'T SHRINK BACK TO TELLY SIZE UP HERE!
AS IF I HAD ANY CHOICE!

WAA-AAH! HELP!

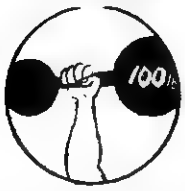

AAGH! HE'S BURST THE BLINKING BALL— AND IT'S OUR ONLY ONE!
SSSS!
BANG!

WAA-AAH! HE BURST OUR BALL— TEAR HIM APART!
I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO THE TELLY!
AND I'LL BE GLAD TO PUT YOU THERE!

HE'S THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD!

TUFFY McGREW

SMASH-CHAT



DON'T WEIGHT—'LIFT' A POUND BY WRITING TO SMASH!

WRITE TO: ALF & COS, SMASH, 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf, Bart and Cos,
Many of your readers have asked you what your real names are and what they mean. Well, I have discovered their meanings, so here they are: Alf is short for Alfred which means counsellor. It is also short for Alfa or Alpha which means the beginning. Bart is short for Bartholomew which is relating to the apostle of the same name. Bart is also short for Baronet, which is a person who stands in for the Baron and comes from the aristocrat class. Cos was the hardest to find out about, but I think it is short for cosine which means angle or angler. At a guess I'd say Cos is an angling enthusiast.

Martyn Winters,
Grange, Cardiff.

We're not too sure if Cos is an angling enthusiast, but one thing's for sure . . . There's certainly something FISHY about him!!!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Cos,
How does Daredevil keep his identity a secret if you publish it in SMASH every week?

Kenneth Blair,
Glasgow, Scotland.

Aha! We thought some wise guy might try to tackle us with this question one of these days, so it's just as well we've got an answer ready! Daredevil's adventures have ALREADY taken place. So, in fact, we're quite safe in telling you all about them now!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In SMASH 105 you showed Charlie of Charlie's Choice getting milk from a bull. Charlie was calling it a cow all the way through the strip, but it couldn't have been a cow 'cos it had horns! Cows don't have horns . . . And bulls don't give milk. Please explain!

Roger Smithson,
Norwich, Norfolk.

Not wanting to seem COWards we're printing your letter, Roger! But we don't really get the point—all the cows we know have got horns, except those that are taken out by the farmer to prevent them from hurting each other.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I wish I had Brian's Brain! It would certainly come in useful when writing a letter to you. I wonder if Brian realises how lucky he is to have such a precious thing.

Kevin Fitzpatrick,
Darlington.

Don't we all, Kevin—'specially when it 'comes to letter answering time!

Alf and Cos.

★ ★ ★

Dear Alf and Cos,
Why does Bad Penny never win? She is my favourite in SMASH and I think she's great fun, but I just hate seeing her lose all the time! I have written to you before, but this time I hope I'll be lucky. Could you please tell me Mister Knowall's address? I like everything in SMASH except The Man From B.U.N.G.L.E. so please see what you can do about taking him out of SMASH altogether!

Margaret Wilson,
Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

Margaret, we think Penny is lucky to be ALIVE after the things she gets up to. As for old Knowall, his address is 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Okay? But take out B U N G L E? Let's hear what the rest of you think about THAT!

Alf and Cos

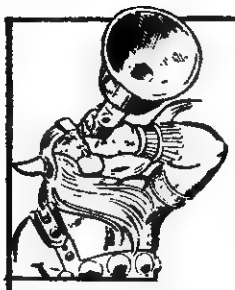
DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature in SMASH is.....

.....

My 2nd favourite feature is.....

.....



PRESENTING... TO ALL WHO THRILL TO THE LEGENDARY TALES OF THE GREAT NORSE GODS!... A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE IMMORTAL REALM ITSELF.....

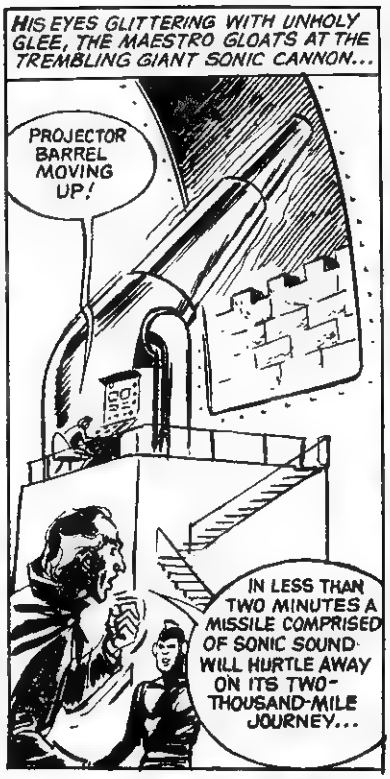
ASGARD!

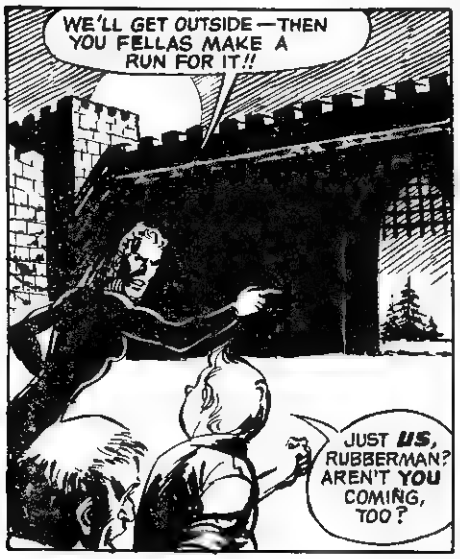
...Domain of awesome ODIN, the great 'ALL-FATHER'... birthplace of his favourite son, the mighty THUNDER GOD THOR! Spread over two complete pages we present a typical Asgard scene... as the Asgardians see it... day after day.

DON'T miss this MIGHTY THOR BONUS FEATURE! NOW... in FANTASTIC 9d

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN, HIS PRIVATE EYE PARTNER, SAM HUTT, AND OTHER PRISONERS OF THE MAESTRO—AN EVIL GENIUS WHO INTENDS TO HOLD THE WORLD TO RANSOM WITH HIS TERRIBLE SONIC CANNON—HAVE ESCAPED FROM A DUNGEON IN THE MAESTRO'S GLOOMY CASTLE. BUT EVEN NOW THE MAESTRO PREPARES FOR HIS FIRST STRIKE AGAINST THE WORLD...





AND WITH EVERY QUARTER-SECOND THE SONIC POWER INCREASES...
SOMEHOW THE SONIC BARRAGE IS BEING RETURNED BACK TO US! SWITCH OFF THE MACHINE! SWITCH IT OFF!
WE'VE...GOT TO...UUUHHHHH! IT'S THROWING ME...OFF BALANCE!
GOT...TO GET... TO...MACHINE...!

GOT TO...SWITCH OFF... THE...
I...I CAN'T! ALL THIS VIBRATION! THE CONTROL LEVER'S JAMMED!

AND OUTSIDE...
THIS PLACE IS GOING TO TAKE-OFF ANY MOMENT! TIME I WASN'T HERE!

VROARRK
LISTEN! CAN YOU HEAR IT? THAT CURSED SONIC SOUND!
AND IT'S GETTING LOUDER! DON'T STOP! KEEP RUNNING!

GANGWAY BELOW! LOOK OUT! LOOK OOOFFFF!
RUBBER-MAN! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?!
VUHHH!

THAT IS WHERE I CAME FROM, SAM... THAT WAS...!
VROOOOMM!
NOW! THE WHOLE CASTLE'S TURNED TO BRICK-DUST!

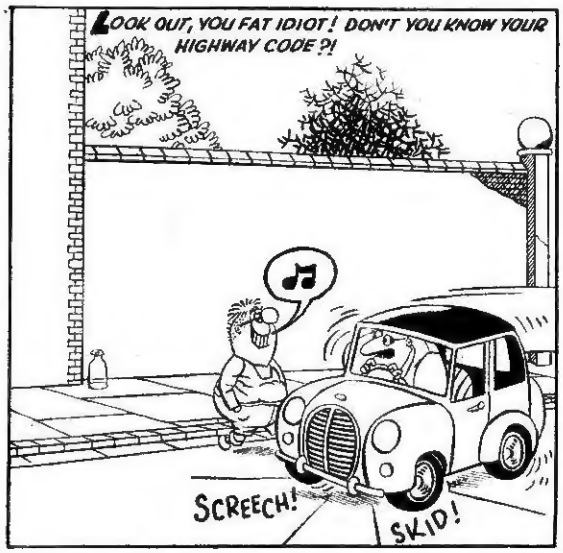
THEY MET THEIR FATE WITH THEIR OWN WEAPON! RUBBERMAN, YOU HAVE SAVED US... AND THE FAR-AWAY PEOPLE OF NEW YORK!
OUR FIRST CASE TOGETHER AS PRIVATE DETECTIVE PARTNERS! AND WE LICKED IT!
OUR CLIENT HIRED US TO SOLVE THE GHOST MYSTERY OF THE CASTLE... AND SOLVE IT WE DID!

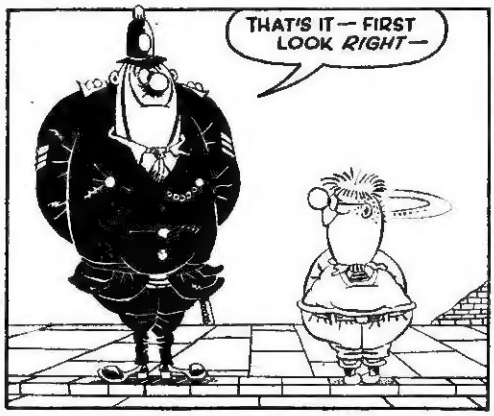
GOSH, IT'S NICE YOU'RE RICH, RUBBERMAN! AND NICE OF YOU TO PAY HIM BACK WHAT HIS DARNED CASTLE COST HIM! ALL THAT WORK WE PUT IN...AND NOT A RED CENT FOR IT...
...BUT THAT'S THE PRIVATE-EYE BIZ, PARTNER! YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU NEXT!
...SAM, THE WAY YOU... AND I ATTRACT TROUBLE... THAT COULD BE ANYTHING!

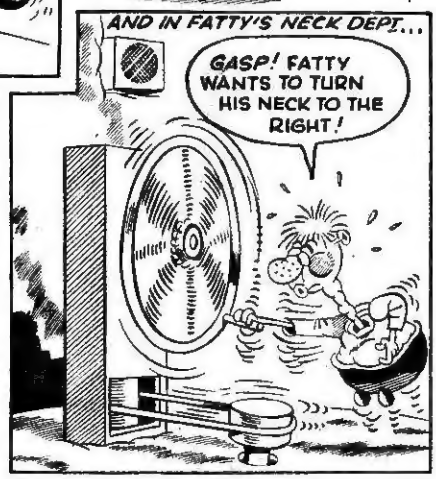
BUT THEIR CLIENT DOESN'T QUITE SEE IT THAT WAY...
BUT...BUT, BOSS! WE PROVED IT WASN'T A REAL GHOST— JUST AS YOU ASKED. THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED, WASN'T IT...??
SURE IT WAS, YOU ADDLE-PATED GOON! BECAUSE I WANTED TO LIVE IN THAT CASTLE! AND NOW BECAUSE OF YOU TWO I HAVEN'T GOT ANY CASTLE!
AND YOU ASK ABOUT YOUR FEE! HUMPIN' HICKORIES!...I'M MORE LIKELY TO...TO SUE YOU...FOR DAMAGES! GET OUT OF HERE...!!!

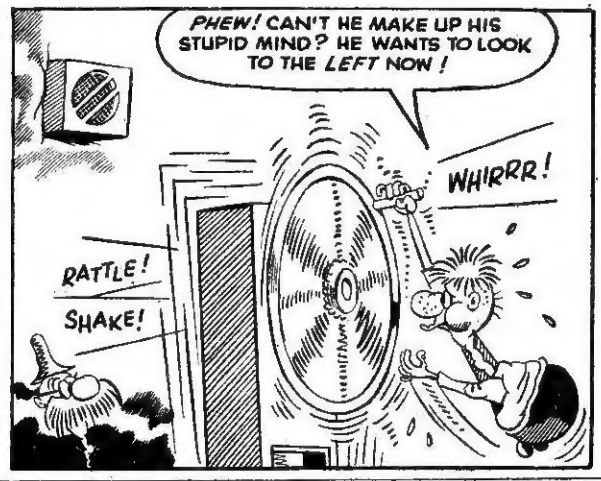
HOTEL
NEXT ISH: THE MENACE OF MESMO!

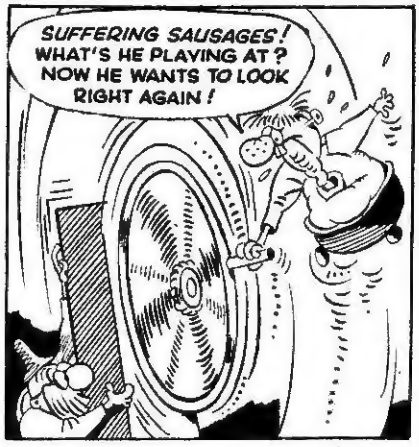
THE NERVS

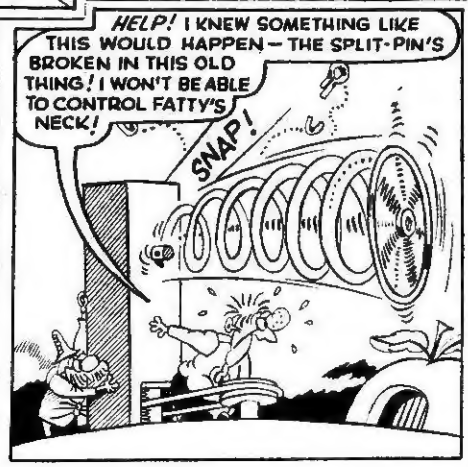


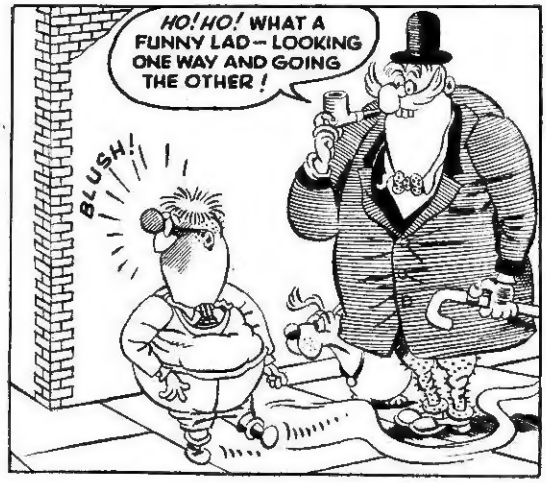




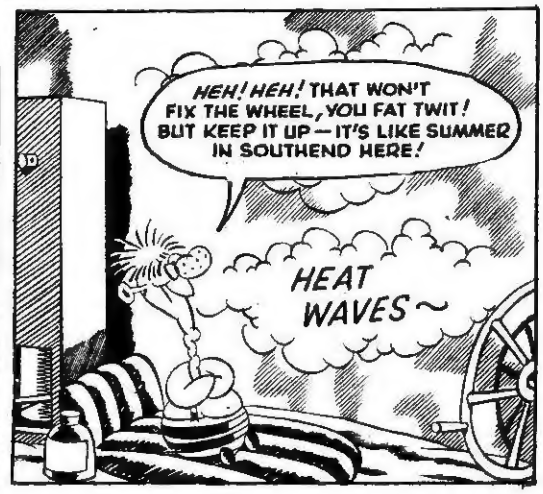






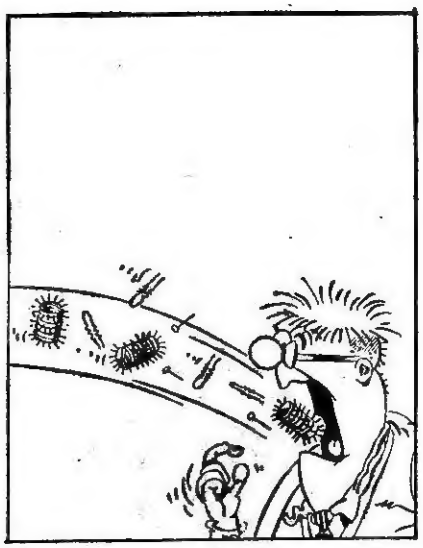


BACK HOME AT LAST...

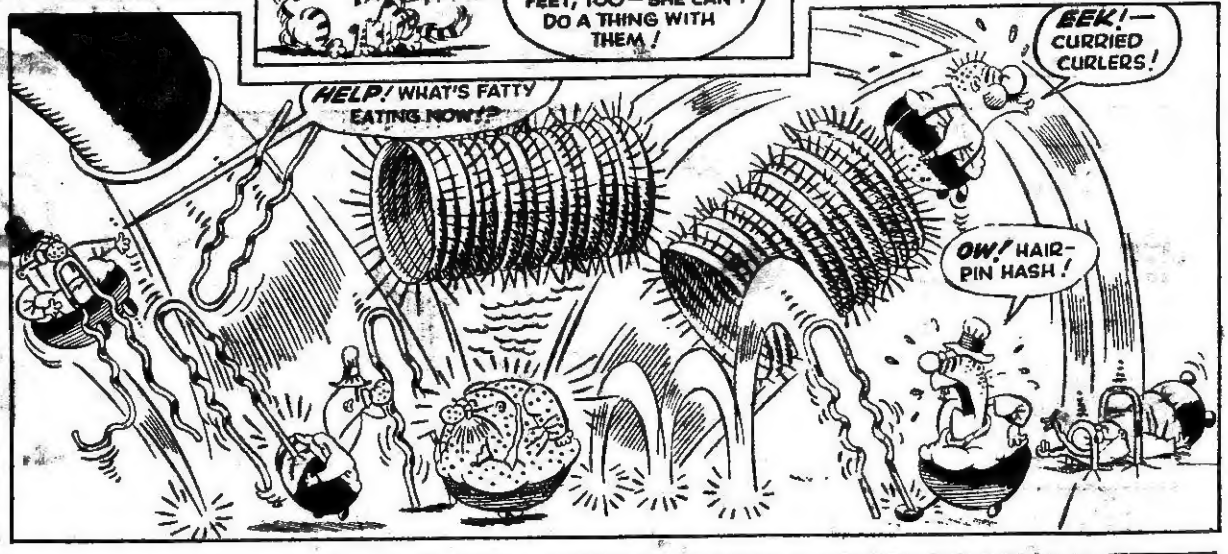


HOI! HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DRY MY HAIR WHEN YOU'VE GOT MY HAIR DRYER ?!!
WELL — ER — ER —

ARGH!
TRIP!
HUH! SHE MUST HAVE WASHED HER FEET, TOO — SHE CAN'T DO A THING WITH THEM!

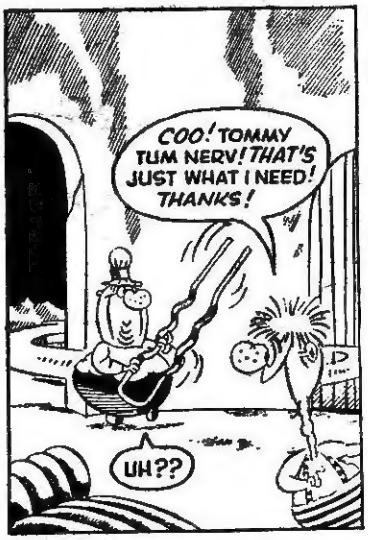


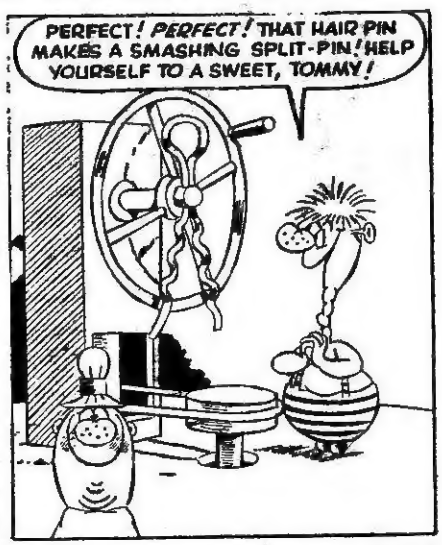
GULP! I COULDN'T TURN MY HEAD TO AVOID THEM — I'VE SWALLOWED THE LOT!
GULP!

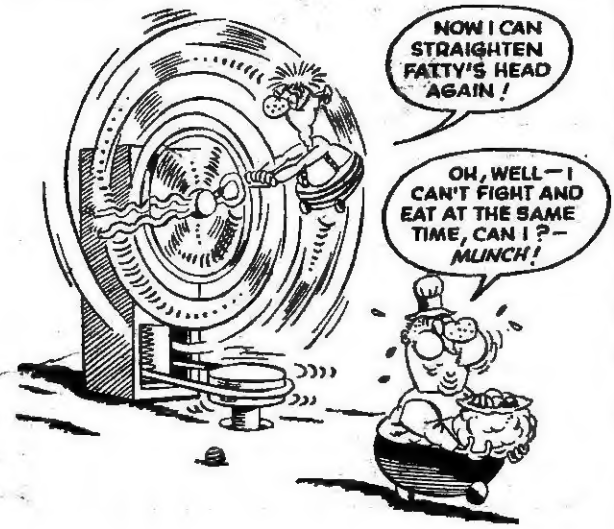

HELP! WHAT'S FATTY EATING NOW!?
EEK! — CURRIED CURLERS!
OW! HAIR-PIN HASH!

GURR! THAT LAZY LOUT IN THE NECK DEPT. IS TO BLAME FOR THIS! THE BRAIN NERVS TOLD ME ABOUT IT!

CHA-ARGE! I'LL GET THE TWERP! — LET'S SEE HOW HE LIKES IT!!


COO! TOMMY TUM NERV! THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED! THANKS!
UH??


PERFECT! PERFECT! THAT HAIR PIN MAKES A SMASHING SPLIT-PIN! HELP YOURSELF TO A SWEET, TOMMY!


NOW I CAN STRAIGHTEN FATTY'S HEAD AGAIN!
OH, WELL — I CAN'T FIGHT AND EAT AT THE SAME TIME, CAN I? — MUNCH!

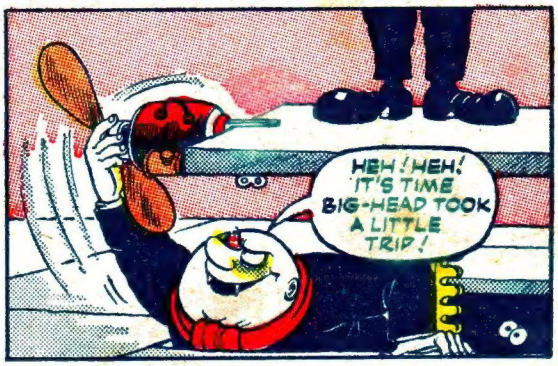
HEY, MUM — LOOK! I CAN MOVE MY NECK AGAIN! YOUR HAIR PINS AND THINGS MUST HAVE CURED IT!

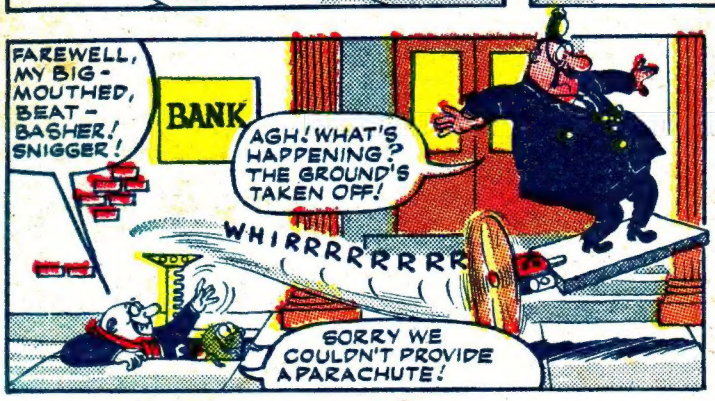
IF I LIVE WITH THAT CLOT MUCH LONGER I'LL GO STARK, RAVING POTTY!

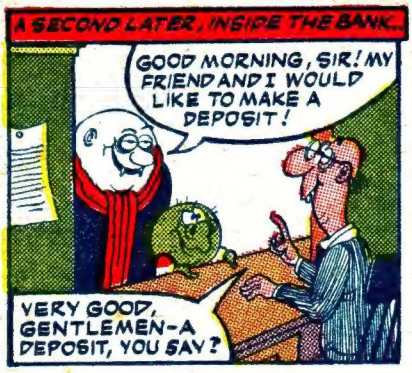
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
GRIMLY FEENDISH
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

BANK
NO ONE WILL ROB THIS BANK WHILE P.C. SMART IS ON THE BEAT! THAT'S ME, OF COURSE - THE CRACK COP IN THIS FORCE!

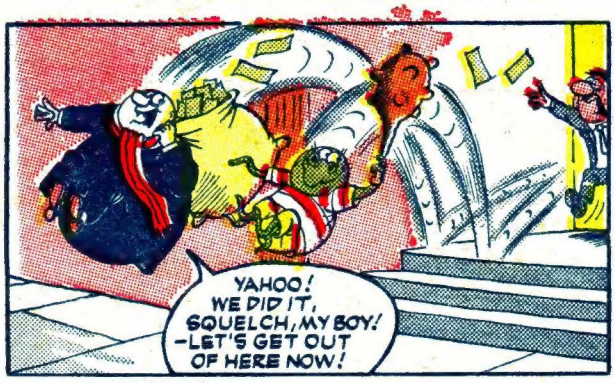
TWENTY THREE YEARS AND NOT A CRIME COMMITTED ON MY BEAT - BY ALL RIGHTS I SHOULD BE AN INSPECTOR! SNIFF!

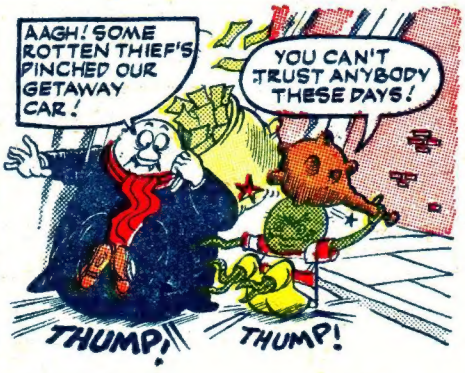

HEH! HEH! IT'S TIME BIG-HEAD TOOK A LITTLE TRIP!

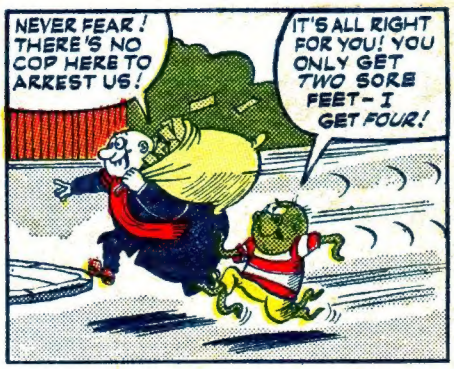

FAREWELL, MY BIG-MOUTHED, BEAT-BASHER! SNIGGER!
BANK
AGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE GROUND'S TAKEN OFF!
WHIRRRRRRRR
SORRY WE COULDN'T PROVIDE A PARACHUTE!

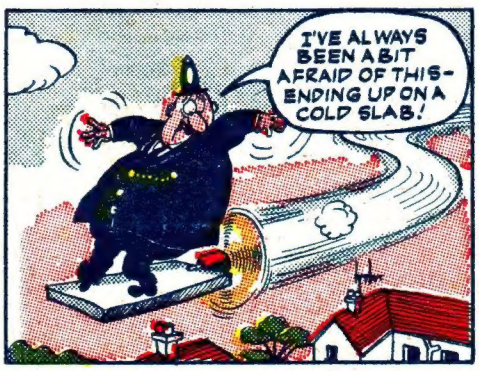

A SECOND LATER, INSIDE THE BANK...
GOOD MORNING, SIR! MY FRIEND AND I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A DEPOSIT!
VERY GOOD, GENTLEMEN - A DEPOSIT, YOU SAY?

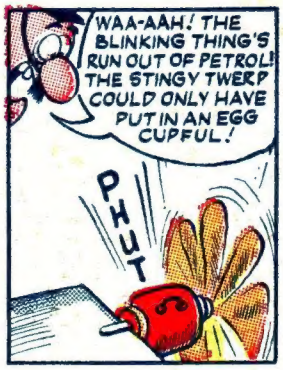
YEAH! WE WOULD LIKE TO DEPOSIT THIS CLUB ON YOUR BONCE, MATE! HEH! HEH!
AARGH! A ROBBERY - SEND FOR P.C. SMART!


YAHOO! WE DID IT, SQUELCH, MY BOY! - LET'S GET OUT OF HERE NOW!

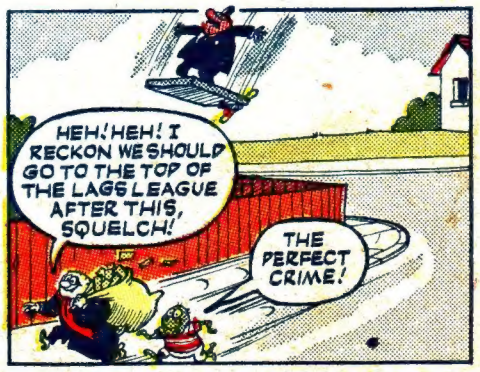

AAGH! SOME ROTTEN THIEF'S PINCHED OUR GETAWAY CAR!
YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY THESE DAYS!
THUMP!
THUMP!


NEVER FEAR! THERE'S NO COP HERE TO ARREST US!
IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU! YOU ONLY GET TWO SORE FEET - I GET FOUR!


I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A BIT AFRAID OF THIS - ENDING UP ON A COLD SLAB!

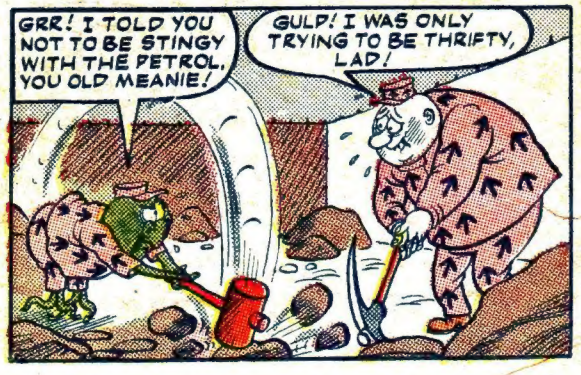

WAA-AAH! THE BLINKING THING'S RUN OUT OF PETROL! THE STINGY TWERP COULD ONLY HAVE PUT IN AN EGG CUPFUL!
PHUT

THE END IS NIGH - WAIT FOR THE ALMIGHTY CRUNCH!


HEH! HEH! I RECKON WE SHOULD GO TO THE TOP OF THE LAGG LEAGUE AFTER THIS, SQUELCH!
THE PERFECT CRIME!

COO! A SOFT LANDING - IT'S THOSE TWO SOFTIES!
AAGH! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
SPLAT!

EVEN THE SMARTEST COP NEEDS A BIT OF LUCK NOW AND THEN!


GRR! I TOLD YOU NOT TO BE STINGY WITH THE PETROL, YOU OLD MEANIE!
GULP! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO BE THRIFTY, LAD!